The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTCES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The March Bookman will be a Lowell Centenary Number and will contain a special article on James Russell Lowell by R. Ellis Roberts; "Poetry and Verse," by Katharine Tynan; "Burns at Abbotsford," by John Muir; "Stevenson's New Poems," by Major S. Butterworth; "Pen Pictures About Russia," by C. E. Bechhofer; "Sainte-Beuve," by Eugene Mason; "The Brood of False Lorraine," by Jane T. Stoddart, &c.

Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice's "Forty Days in 1914" will be published immediately by Messrs. Constable. It tells for the first time how the Old Contemptibles came to be at Mons, explains the part they played in Marshal Joffre's plan, and gives a full account of the Great Retreat and the First Battle of the Marne.

We record with deep regret the death, at the age of fifty-three, of Mr. H. A. Hinkson, the husband of Katharine Tynan. Mr. Hinkson was the author of many successful books for boys and some admirable novels, of which perhaps the cleverest was "Fan Fitzgerald," published some few years ago by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. Since 1914 Mr. Hinkson had been Resident Magistrate for South Mayo.

The danger of the German in our midst is the subject of "Never Again," by W. Bourne Cooke, which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall have in the press. It is dedicated to Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia.

Mr. Walter White, who has for several years been the manager of the Edinburgh house of Messrs Oliphants, Limited, has been made a Director of the firm.

Those who are tired of controversy on Naval strategy will be interested in a new work of a different character, by Mr. Sydney A. Moseley, entitled "The Fleet from Within." Mr. Moseley, after being discharged from the Army, obtained a commission in the R.N.V.R., and obtained such varied experiences as going down in a super-submarine, flying in one of our Zeppelins, bomb-dropping in the latest war-plane, and going into action in one of the famous "Hush-hush" ships. Mr. Moseley writes from the point of view of the R.N.V.R.—a

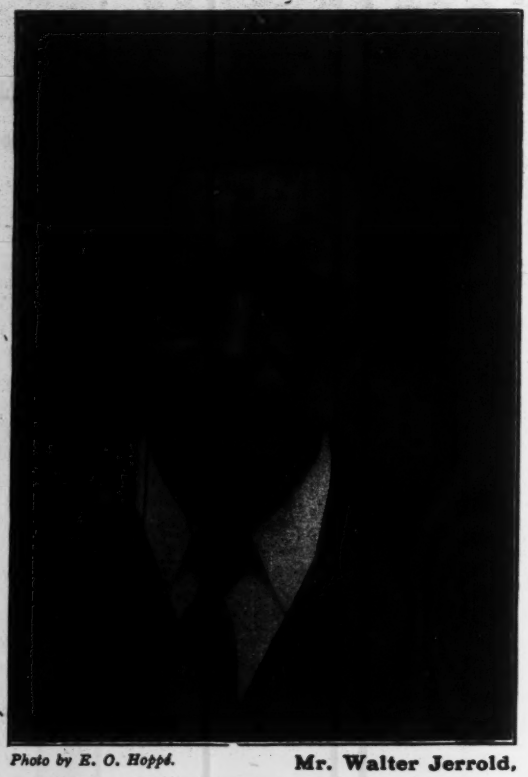


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Walter Jerrold,**
whose new book, "Douglas Jerrold: Dramatist and Wit," is reviewed in this Number.

standpoint which is quite novel—and his book is intended to reveal the men of the old Navy and the new Navy to each other and the world at large. It will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

A new novel which Mr. Sax Rohmer has almost finished is "Dope," a sensational story of London's Chinatown and the prevalence of the drug habit. It will be published by Messrs. Cassell.

The first number of the Royal Air Force annual, "Air Pie," will make its appearance this month under the joint editorship of Mr. Cecil Palmer and Mr. W. Kean Seymour. It contains stories and poems by Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, G. K. Chesterton, Israel Zangwill, Robert Hichens, Marie Corelli, Coulson Kernahan, Jeffery Farnol, W. B. Maxwell, H. de Vere Stacpoole, and other distinguished authors, and among the numerous artists who contribute pictures in colour and black-and-white are Sir William Orpen, Frank Brangwyn, Sir John Lavery, Augustus John, Muirhead Bone, C. R. W. Nevinson and Will Dyson. Mr. Cecil Palmer is one of London's youngest publishers, being still on the right side of thirty. Coming of a family with long literary and journalistic traditions, he served an apprenticeship to Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., where he and his brother, Mr. Frederick Palmer, who won the V.C. for an act of great bravery in France, worked together. He left Simpkin's to become manager of the London house of Messrs. Foulis, of Edinburgh; and some seven or eight years ago started as a publisher himself and founded the firm of Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward.

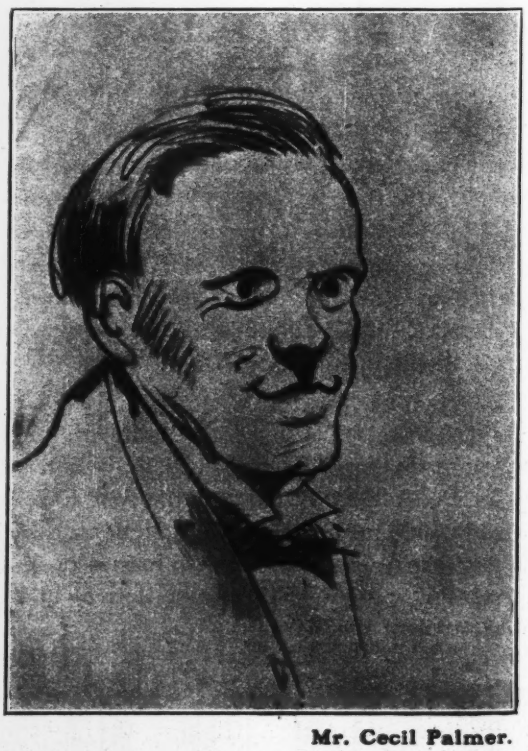
Mr. Frank J. Claringbull has left Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. to found a new publishing firm, which will trade as Robert Hayes, Limited, with registered offices at 61, Fleet Street, E.C.

"Tradition and Change," a new collection of literary essays by Arthur Waugh, will be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

The heroism of the Merchant Service in the great war is the chief theme of Miss C. Fox Smith's "Rhymes of the Red Ensign," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing immediately.

A new romance of London life, by C. E. Lawrence, "Such Stuff as Dreams," is to be published this spring by Mr. John Murray.

Messrs. Dent announce "The Rhymes of Amot Orlaunch," a collection of humorous verse about



Mr. Cecil Palmer.
From a caricature by H. M. Bateman.

Miss Storm Jameson.

life as it is lived in motor launches. The author, Lieutenant Gordon S. Maxwell, R.N.V.R., has seen much native service with the Dover Patrol, took part in the famous raid on Zeebrugge, and was mentioned in dispatches.

Miss Storm Jameson, whose first novel, "The Pot Boils," is to be published this month by Messrs. Constable, is a native of Whitby, from which picturesque town she draws much of her inspiration. She has a second novel almost ready, and is also engaged on a comprehensive survey of modern European drama.

The University of London Press has a full list of interesting and important books in preparation, including a series of historical and legal works on "The Law of the Sea," several of which are ready, or almost ready. The volume on "The Declaration of Paris, 1856," a documented study by Sir Francis Piggott, has just been issued, and "The Documentary History of the Armed Neutralities, 1780–1800," will be out this month, to be followed by "The Documentary History of the French Wars, 1793–1815," in two volumes. Other volumes on the principles governing the relations of belligerent and neutral are well in hand. The same firm is issuing at once five new volumes in the "Military Medical Manual" series. This series has been largely used by physicians and surgeons on active service abroad and in military hospitals at home, and by practitioners who want to avail themselves of the latest discoveries which the war has provided. The series of twenty-six volumes (an American edition of which is published by Messrs. Appletons) forms a comprehensive record of the medicine and surgery practised with such wonderful results during the great war. The five new volumes, edited by leading English authorities, are entitled "Disabilities of the Locomotor Apparatus"; "Electro-Diagnosis of War"; "Wounds of the Pleura and Lung"; "Mental Disorders of War"; and "Commotions and Emotions of War." Mr. W. Stanley Murrell, the manager and secretary of the University of London Press, has had long experience as a publisher. Incidentally, he is well known as a sportsman in Kentish circles and was "skippering" a cricket team when war was declared. He resigned from this team in 1914, and joined the local Volunteers, later transferring into the Special Constables.

Messrs. Jarrold publish an amusing skit on the methods of some of our Government Departments in the shape of the registered papers, minutes and correspondence of the "Ministry of State Control" (1s. 3d. net), dealing with the case of Jonas Rowbottom, Cowkeeper, and his application for an

Photo by The Studio, Newgate Street. Mr. W. Stanley Murrell.

official order for ten hundredweight of cow cake. From April to October his letter and the form attached to it are referred from one chief clerk to another, to divers assistant secretaries, to the Chief Secretary and the Minister, each sending it back, or on to somebody else, and each entering a suggestion or objection or query on the growing minutes, or glancing into side issues such as the habits of cattle, whether it is better they should be fat or lean, Mr. Dallymore proposing that a Special Commission should be set up to decide on these and other points before the cow cakes are granted, and hinting that he will shortly be free to undertake the secretaryship of it. From time to time the unfortunate Mr. Rowbottom writes an urgent letter of reminder, pleading that the cows are starving, and when at long last it is decided to send him a series of questions as to himself and his need of the cake, and 14,000,000 special forms have been printed to this end, the one forwarded to Mr. Rowbottom is returned with ribald and satirical replies, and on further inquiry it turns out he has lost interest in the matter as his cows have now "snuffed it." It is excellent fooling, but might do more good than a tract if it were distributed freely in the right quarter.

No reference book has become more generally indispensable than "Who's Who," the 1919 volume of which (30s. net. A. & C. Black) runs to two thousand seven hundred and sixty pages and contains the addresses and tabloid biographies of some twenty-seven thousand men and women who have risen to distinction of one sort or another in public life.

From Messrs. A. & C. Black comes also the 1919 issue of "The Writers' and Artists' Year Book," edited by G. E. Mitton (3s. 6d. net), an invaluable directory for the free-lance contributor in particular, containing as it does, complete lists of British, American and Colonial publishers, magazines and newspapers, with details of the various kinds of work required by them, information concerning royalties, copyrights, dramatic writing, music publishers, how to correct proofs, and the hundred and one things that make it the authors' and artists' most serviceable Enquire Within upon everything.

Title-page and Index to Vol. LIV. will be given with next month's BOOKMAN.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

PERHAPS some of us are tempted to whittle down the greatness of the Victorian Tennyson because we have no Georgian poet who does not seem rather small by comparison with him. Possibly for the same reason we have been generous in supplying with more than respectable reputations quite a number of the Georgians who are graceful enough artificers but, being short of material, say nothing in particular though they say it very well; or who, having little skill in the art, pose as rebels against tradition and disguise their lack of thought and technique in pretentiously eccentric forms of utterance. Mr. Lyon Phelps touches on that absence of imaginative and emotional quality from many of our present-day poets of distinction in "The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century" (New York: Dodd, Mead); and in another American book, "The Path on the Rainbow"—an admirable anthology of songs and chants from the Indians of North America (New York: Boni & Liveright)—Miss Mary Austin says a true word about those new old-fashioned poseurs who fancy they are doing an original thing when they write more or less in Whitman's manner, but without his philosophy or breadth of vision to atone for their rhymeless, metreless crudity. A reading of what was written by those aboriginal bards of America enables you to appreciate Miss Austin's remark that our latter-day "vers librists" are really only beginning "just about where the last Medicine Man left off."

In the circumstances, it is strange and yet not altogether strange that so true a poet as Ronald Campbell Macfie should be less talked of nowadays than are many who are not his peers. He does not belong to the new group; he has never belonged to any group, and so has missed the impetus and advertisement that accrue to one who attacks the reading world in that sort of massed formation. When his first book made its appearance ("Granite Dust." Kegan Paul, 1892) Henley, William Watson and John Davidson were in the ascendant; the Bodley Head was a nest of singing birds; and among such competitors he was crowned with praise by Andrew Lang, William Sharp, and other such leading critics of that day. John Davidson himself, who was not given to easy eulogy, wrote, in reviewing it, "had Mr. Macfie called his book 'Diamond Dust' it would not have unfitly described much that is splendid in it." Following this, after a longish interval, came his "New Poems" (John Lane, 1904), which contains some of his finest lyrics and justifies those who from the first had singled him out as a poet in idea and feeling as well as an artist in phrase and form. Later he published his

romantic play, "Vladimir"; a stately, impressive ode on the Titantic disaster; an ode that is "rich and rough" with jewelled imagery on the quatercentenary of Aberdeen University; and, last year, the most ambitious of his odes, "War" (John Murray), which for scope and depth of thought and sustained imaginative power is one of the most memorable poems the war has yet inspired.

These, and a new collection of verse which Mr. Murray has in preparation, represent the sum of Mr. Macfie's poetical work, but by no means the limit of his activities or his total contribution to literature. For he is not one of the fortunate few who can withdraw from the stress of ordinary life and devote themselves exclusively to the service of the Muses. By profession Mr. Macfie is a doctor of medicine. The greater part of his time has been taken up in the practice of that profession; most even of his writings have been in prose and concerned with scientific research and the art of healing. In addition to numerous essays on such subjects, he has published books on "The Romance of Medicine" (Cassell, 1907); "Air and Health" (Methuen, 1909); "Science, Matter and Immortality" (Williams & Norgate, 1909); "Heredity, Evolution and Vitalism" (Bristol: Wright & Sons, 1912); and "The Art of Keeping Well" (Cassell, 1918). Add two volumes of "Fairy Tales for Old and Young," written in collaboration with Lady Margaret Sackville, and you have the tale of his books complete.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie.

An Aberdonian born and bred, Mr. Macfie is on his father's side of West Highland origin, and distinctly Celtic in temperament. He was educated at the University of Aberdeen—that "Granite University" he honoured with such love and loyalty in his quatercentenary ode:

"Eternity was author of thy plan;
The fire-mist, and the sun, and earth, and man
Joined in thy making. Yea, by fire and thought
The gracious granite miracle was wrought.
And now thou art full grown,
Full-leaved, full-blown—
An encrinite,
Stately and white,
A lily made of stone—
A torch that flares across the night
Of the Unknown—
The spindle and the loom of light—
An altar and a throne—
A temple where the feet of truth may fare—
A peak where wisdom may be set on high,
Under a cloudless sky,
In Alpine air."

As a student Mr. Macfie was President of the University Literary Society and a member of the Students' Representative Council. Always a lover of books and keenly interested in poetry, he was so far from resembling the orthodox poet that he went in considerably for athletics, playing football, competing in half-mile and two-mile hurdle races, and frequently refreshed himself by walking more than forty miles in a day. When he was nineteen he took his M.A. degree, and presently went a journey round the world, spending nine months in New Zealand, where he dug for gold without raising a fortune.

Thereafter he travelled extensively; passed two winters in Egypt, visited Canada, America, the Cape, and sojourned in divers European cities. Since graduating in medicine he has specialised in diseases of the lung, and has been Resident Medical Officer at various sanatoria in England, Scotland, Ireland and Teneriffe.

In his scientific works Mr. Macfie interprets the wonders of the universe and the mysteries of the human organism with the knowledge of the scientist and, as often as his themes lend themselves to such treatment, with the insight and imaginative suggestion of the poet. He writes a lucid, virile prose and, having that great and often foolishly underrated gift, a popular style, knows how to make learned and sometimes abstruse subjects understandable and interesting to readers who may not have been students of them. "The Romance of Medicine" is none the less true to the facts of medical discovery because it is so written as to be a fascinating story. "Heredity, Evolution and Vitalism" discusses with the same simplicity and charm of manner old and new theories and the trend and significance of modern research in these perplexing matters. "Air and Health" is deeply learned in questions of hygiene, and drives its facts home with carefully prepared statistics; but "The Art of Keeping Well" is a book in which the man in the street may find pleasure as well as guidance; it combines medical knowledge with practical common sense, and qualifies the two with the tolerant wisdom of the man of the world who makes allowance for the fact that there may be compensating virtues in a bad habit and that nothing is bad and nothing good for everybody. I am inclined to rank as the most masterly of these books "Science, Matter and Immortality," as enlightening and ably written an exposition of the origin of life as I have ever read; it unfolds subtly and brilliantly the story of those theories of the genesis of man which have been superseded or absorbed by the

theory of evolution. Mr. Macfie is no materialist; he does not close the gate against the hope of humanity, but believes that "conceived aright, science must always lead to belief in the unseen and to hope of immortality"; the essence of his philosophy is that "after all, no analytic knowledge of a rose or a star can surpass the rose itself or the star itself"; and "better let a man give all his time to selling groceries if he win thereby the means of winning love, and a home and children, than give all his time to the problems of life and fail to live."

If he has surrendered to science much that was meant for poetry, his bread has not been cast in vain upon the waters. As a poet, no less than as a scientist, he probes beneath the surface for the soul and meaning of things: he has found sun, stars, earth and man the more profoundly wonderful the farther he has searched into the secret of their origin and functions; and the stupendous truths of evolution, marvellous and mysterious beyond any tale of magic that was ever told, are to him the very stuff of poetry and have yielded him dreams and high imaginings that he fashions to music and beauty in the loftiest of his verse.

Not that he is always moving on those heights; he finds inspiration as readily in the passions, emotions and homely experiences that are common to all of us—in love, when he writes such charming lyrics as that which opens with:

"If I were Sleep
With scythe to reap,
Like faded flowers,
The weary hours
Of withered day—
If I were Sleep
With dreams to keep
And give away. . . ."

or as "You and I," which is as quaintly fanciful as an Elizabethan song:

"I am the Earth and you the Sea:
Against my rocks your billows roll,
And flood with surging melody
The silent caverns of my soul . . ."

he finds it in remembrance, as in the lines to James Mathieson, where he tells of the strange island on which he found again the Hopes, Sorrows and Memories of his past; in all the motley cares and joys, and doubts and faith that are the warp and woof of human life. His pity is for the suffering and the poor, though he has seen that:

"between the slough of life,
Between the gutters of the meaner streets,
And the far summits of the World's success,
Are silent battlefields where souls are made."

He recognises that individual pain is of no moment in the vast scheme of things, that no good comes except by strife and vicissitude, yet he feels:

"It is so easy to condole,
Sitting amid your golden hoards,
With your poor drunken brother's soul
Coffined between the sandwich boards."

With this large sympathy and breadth of vision he bares, in his latest ode, "War," the inner significance of Armageddon, and reveals it, not as a ruinous catastrophe, but as part of the natural order of evolution, part of the age-long struggle of man out of the depths towards the heights, of the universal conflict between the elements of good and evil. He looks back into the night of time, and sees the earth moulded by fire and wind and frost, till the iron ice melting filled the world's enormous hollows with the sea:

"And softly round the ledges of the land
The surf went fumbling like a lover's hand
Feeling with wistful wonder
A living heart thereunder . . ."

then in the briny mud flickered sparks of green that were to burgeon into "granaries of autumn gold," and give birth to the songs of birds, to the "mighty harmonies of human speech," to "living hands of flesh, and blood, and bone." So, through the slow centuries, new forms being born "faster than death could kill," life clothed the world with beauty, and man, at last, rose from the dust:

"And still life came of death, and joy of pain,
And still, as Man his fellow-mortals slew,
Like a red rose, watered with bloody rain,
The human spirit grew—
Grew in the depth and height of its desire,
Grew as the Earth had grown amid the fire."

And when he comes to picture the horrors and agonies of the war, he does not vision it as a lapse into barbarism, but as an inevitable continuance of the mighty conflict of forces through which man and the spirit of man were hammered into existence, and have evolved:

"Bodies and souls from a furnace came, and lo in a furnace still
War is moulding the human heart, smelting the human will.
Things of the spirit, things of the mind, these are the things at stake,
Not bodies only but faiths and creeds the bomb and the bullet break. . . .
These are not swords but living souls that clash in the trenches there,
Not battle-planes but battle-dreams that fight in the azure air.
Foolish may be our war-desires, blundering, blind our aims,
But still the shoddy and sham of life are burned in the battle-flames.
By tempest, by fire, by talons and teeth, by war, and disease and lust
The hand of Death and the hand of Life have wrought at our wondrous dust,
But ever above, the hand of Love our destiny controls,
Moulding to beauty and to truth our bodies and our souls."

Even through all the ancient ravages of Tamerlane, Attila, and the ruthless warriors of antiquity, "eternally man's spirit grew," and still the power beyond us:

"Keeping a watch and ward,
Shapes man's immortal soul by man's own foolish sword."

Mr. Macfie has gone from strength to strength; his latest book is also his best; and I am not surprised that critics here and across the Atlantic have spoken of this Ode as the greatest poem of the war.

A. ST. J. A.

Photo by Elliott & Fry, Ltd.

John Ruskin

THE READER.

JOHN RUSKIN, 1819—1900.

By George Sampson.

THE first centenary of a writer's birth is the first real day of reckoning for him. It is something, indeed, if he can achieve his century without oblivion. To be talked about after a hundred years is a kind of provisional immortality, ratified or cancelled at the next anniversary. The first centenary means the first disinterested criticism. Our great man's death will have evoked no more than the usual obituary amenities amounting generally to solemn assertions that the deceased was as good as everybody else, if not rather better. By the first centenary we have grown cooler and can take a less palpitating view of his accomplishment. In the case of Ruskin, the coolness is almost sure to take the form of a melancholy assurance that his influence is not what it was. That may be entirely true and yet undistressing. The influence of John Ruskin may have diminished and still be more powerful than (say) the influence of Samuel Butler, which has increased. The only person whose influence is sure to be steady is one who never had any.

Ruskin was bound to lose much of his direct influence by the very nature of his work. It was all propaganda —propaganda more purple than a whole college of cardinals could create, and the inevitable fact about propaganda, even the purplest, is that the more effective it is the less effective it will be. The preacher of a new doctrine will affect his own contemporaries; but it is they, not he, who will convert the next generation. The next generation, in fact, may absorb all the doctrine without knowing the preacher, whose work when they do encounter they may be apt to call stale, because they knew it all before. Who fished the murex up doesn't trouble them.

Thus to-day we are all in many ways Ruskinian whether we know it or not. That Turner is the greatest of English artists and one of the greatest artists of the world is a fact we accept so unquestioningly from tradition, that we forget the tradition was created for us by Ruskin's courageous and untiring championship. Thackeray could write a fine appreciation of "The Fighting Téméraire" as long ago as 1839; but it was easier to admire the "Téméraire" in 1839 than "Rain, Steam and Speed" in 1844. And we are indebted to Ruskin not merely for the establishment of Turner's reputation, but for the very existence of many lovely sketches, which he snatched indignantly out of the damp vaults in which official indifference was placidly leaving them to rot. Wherever upon the dingy walls of our galleries there gleams the magic light of Turner's sea and sky, there shines, too, some influence of the writer whose passionate and fire-shot prose first taught us "to behold the light and whence it flows," and see it all with joy.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **John Ruskin.**

In the older realms of art, as well, we are still the disciples of Ruskin—we still admire the pictures he first taught us to like; though whether we like them for the reasons he gave is another matter. It may be objected that his art criticism was bad in essence, in that it was literary and not pictorial; he seemed to transpose pictures into prose, and to offer the paraphrase rather than the picture to our admiration. The objection is worth considering, but being fitter for a treatise than an article we pass it by. The important point is that he really did make people look at pictures and try to like Fra Angelico better than Guido Reni. To measure what he effected turn to the book of another writer and painter, who lived almost exactly a century before him—the admirable Sir Joshua; and having glanced through the once famous "Discourses," turn next to a catalogue of the Arundel Society's prints, produced and published under the direct inspiration of Ruskin's teaching. You will find scarcely a point of contact. The practice of Reynolds fortunately rested upon surer foundation than his theory, for the "Discourses" are now little more than a museum of bad opinions; the pictures remain. As you turn Sir Joshua's pages, the names you find constantly recurring are Raphael, Michelangelo, Salvator Rosa, Maratti, Le Sueur, Poussin, and the Carracci, especially Ludovico, who in certain respects is described as near perfection. Veronese and Tintoret are damned with faint praise, and Titian praised with faint damns. Among the inferior artists of "Gothic rudeness," from whom, however, something may be learned, as long as it is "wrought up and polished to elegance," are Albert Dürer and Lucas van Leyden. Never a word of Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Filippo and

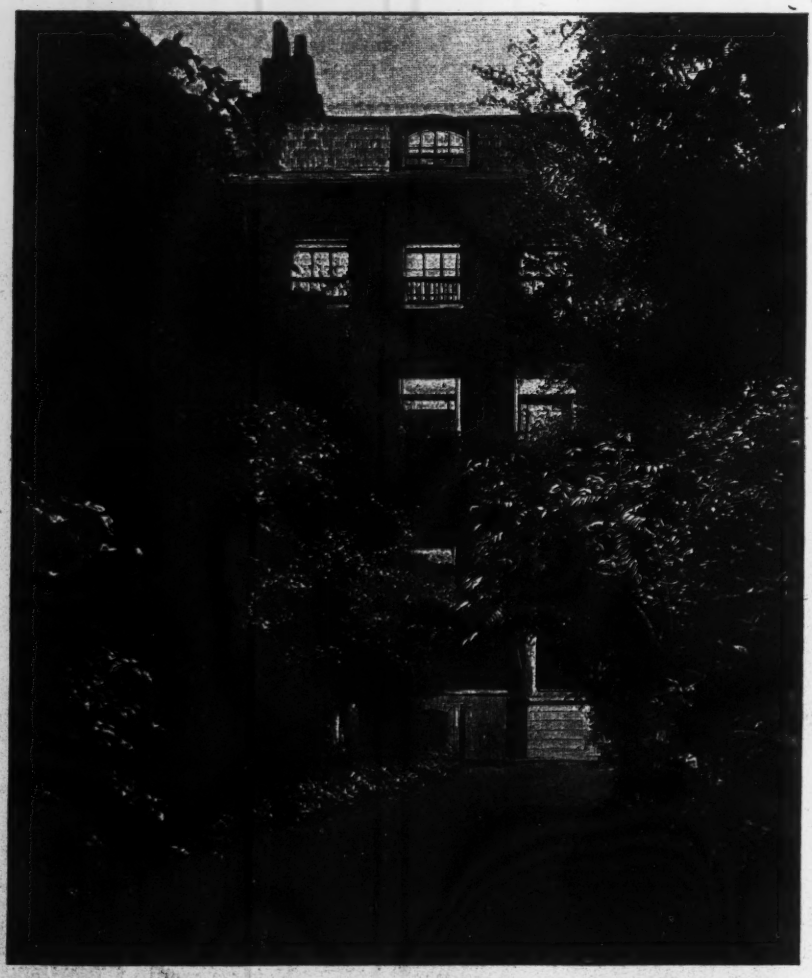
Filippino Lippi, Ghirlandajo, Luini, Benozzo Gozzoli, Carpaccio, and so forth. Hazlitt, who was travelling the new world of picture galleries in Italy and England when the infant Ruskin was still rapturously gazing at water-carts from his Bloomsbury windows, manages to get at times surprisingly near to modern preferences in his vigorous notes and criticisms; but his immediate influence was not great; and it is due to Ruskin that nowadays none but millionaires can buy Carpaccio and that the Carracci are two a penny. In short, before Ruskin the general view was that Italian art began with Raphael and Michelangelo; since Ruskin the general view is that Italian art ended with Raphael and Michelangelo. The Pre-Raphaelite painters, now everybody's possession, were discovered for us by Ruskin; and in that respect his influence, though it be dead, yet lives.

The name reminds us inevitably of the modern English painters who called themselves "Pre-Raphaelites." In their work, and its offspring the "Æsthetic" cult, we can see the influence of Ruskin working in unforeseen, not to say startling channels, which, however, being in the nature of backwaters, we will not at the moment follow. Nor shall we attempt any discussion of Ruskin's general doctrine in the arts. Two sentences, however, may be quoted as food for reflection. The first is a simple definition: "The art of man is the expression of his rational and disciplined delight in the forms and laws of the creation of which he forms part." Like all definitions of the indefinable this is interesting as a basis for discussion, and quite useless as a test of fact. You can judge a tendency by it, but not a picture. It did not avail Ruskin himself, for it led him to a depreciation of Whistler, which can perhaps be forgiven him, and a depreciation of Rembrandt, which cannot. The other sentence I wish to quote is one whose wisdom should be a law to all our criticism when it is confronted by some new thing:

> "Men of perfect genius are known in all centuries by their perfect respect to all law, and love of past tradition; their work in the world is never innovation, but new creation; without disturbing for an instant the foundations which were laid of old time."

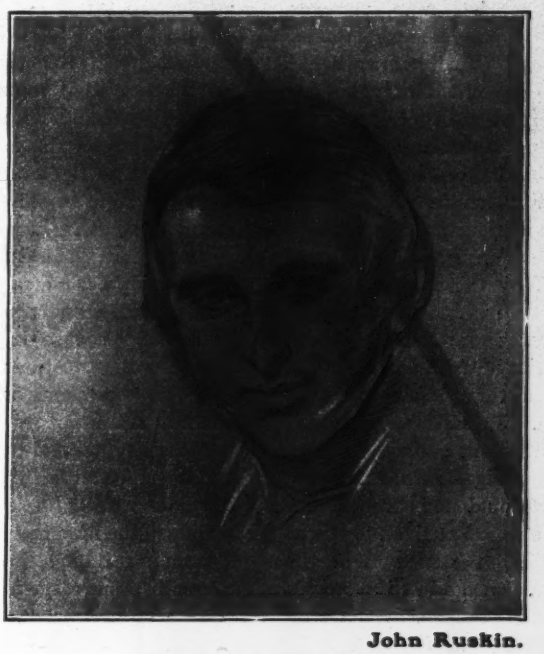
There is more in this sentence than may meet the eye at first. It applies to the arts that principle of "conservative innovation" which Bagehot had already indicated as a necessary condition of stable evolution in the world of government. There are no Melchizedecs in art. True art must have a genuine genealogy.

The first volume of "Modern Painters" was almost contemporary with the later "Tracts for the Times." To say that Ruskin contributed to the Catholic Revival would be true only in a vague and questionable sense; for Ruskin, religious as he always was, never taught the religion of theologians, whether Low or High, Wee or Free. It would be nearer the mark to say that he helped to mitigate and sweeten our Protestantism. Into the thorny thicket of religious (or rather theological) controversy I have no intention and no qualification to enter. The simple fact, however, is that the historic religion of Europe is not the religion of Protestant sectarianism; nay, more, the historic religion of this country is not the religion of Protestant sectarianism. Observe, the superiority of one to the other as a depository of truth and a guide to life does not at the moment concern us. The point is, that European history cannot be understood from the angle of Protestant sectarianism; and, as Ruskin came to recognise—he, brought up in the straitest of Evangelical homes and destined by his mother to become an Evangelical clergyman, even, if possible, an Evangelical bishop—European art cannot be understood from the angle of Protestant sectarianism. We are now so used to a larger view that we have almost forgotten past antagonisms; but with "Præterita" to exhibit the narrowly religious home in its best aspects and "The Way of All Flesh" to exhibit aspects less pleasing, we may perhaps



Ruskin's House at Herne Hill.
Here he went to live, with his father and mother, in 1823.

appreciate what Ruskin and others accomplished in widening the national view. His own first notions of worship were derived from a chapel in Walworth; and so it is appropriate that his final revolt should have come at a Waldensian chapel in Turin, where a congregation of nineteen or twenty pallid, stunted folk congratulated themselves on being the elect of Italy. The contrast between their pitiful sterility and the teeming life without—vital life of man and glowing life of art, completed his own emancipation from obstructive religion, and in that book he read no more. In "Childe Harold," Byron, so much admired by Ruskin, had written for England the first and best guide-book to Europe. Ruskin continued the tradition. Penetrating to the respectable circles where Byron would have been suspected, Ruskin's influence served to Mediterraneanise our rather provincial island. Carlyle tried (and fortunately failed) to Balticise it.



John Ruskin.
Drawn by George Richmond, R.A.

Ruskin's insistence upon art as a mode of wholesome individual and national life led him more and more to a preoccupation with social questions. It seems to me impossible to distinguish between Ruskin's æsthetics and his economics. The kind of art he desiderated must be the product of the kind of community he desiderated. The righteous polity he visioned would naturally express "its rational and disciplined delight" in the arts and crafts he so passionately praised. There were not two Ruskins. Like the Republic he was one and indivisible. When he died, nearly twenty years ago, there was a tendency of the post-mortem panegyrists to excuse his social doctrines as the excesses of a weakening mind, and to declare that his teaching must be wrong because he died almost in despair at his failure. That he died despairing of his faith rather seems to prove he was right. It is rarely given to great teachers to see their gospel triumph. If they leave as many disciples as will fill an upper room there is hope for the world. That his power of self-control grew weak at the end is undeniable. But then control was never his strong point, and there seems to me much more of it in 'Fors Clavigera" of the seventies than in "Modern Painters" of the forties. Right from the first Ruskin let himself go at a wild pace, and at the very last he couldn't stop himself; but this was a defect of temper rather than of intellect. He was but mad nor-nor-west; when the wind was southerly, he knew a fact from a fallacy. It is in the riotous opulence and extravagance of "Modern Painters" that you can discern the excesses of an imperious temper, rather than in the patient argument and quiet beauty of "Unto This Last," the finely disciplined prose and matter of "Fors" or the charming garrulity of "Præterita."

His dogmatism is of course unescapable. Our fathers of the mid-Victorian period had much to endure from their men of letters. Were there ever people more ruthlessly preached at—by Emerson, by Arnold, by Ruskin, by Carlyle? Even the poets wouldn't let them alone, and indeed were liked the better for their preaching. Carlyle simply bawled and ranted, and is now paying the penalty. The Gentleman Commoner of Christ Church was too refined to bawl; but he was often petulant and peevish. There never was such a consistent laudator of times past. A belief that whatever is right

Photo by Frederick Hollyer.

Ruskin and Holman Hunt

cannot be called wholesome; a belief that whatever is is wrong must be called even less wholesome, especially when coupled with an equally firm belief that whatever was going to be could only be described in language that would melt the type it was set in. Trains were ever Ruskin's pet abomination—travel of course being limited to those who, out of the profits from good sherris sack, could afford to roll through Europe in a travelling chariot with four post horses. It is a pity he didn't live to see the touring automobile and the tube train. (George Eliot, by the way, foresaw a time when we should be hurled through tubes instead of carried on the coach-roads.) He declared that modern dancers could not dance, and that modern singers could not sing like the performers he had known. By a singular coincidence all the sincere artists had perished with those he met in early years, their successors being invariably persons moved by some ignoble vanity. He sneered at people because they would not climb mountains, and when they did climb sneered at them for turning mountains into greasy poles. He sneered at the crowds that went up the Rigi and sneered at the crowds that didn't go up the Dôle. It is possible, by the way, that the merry winter sportsmen who spend their Christmas holidays ski-ing at St. Cergues could teach Ruskin something about the Dôle, for it is certain that he never saw the view from it in mid-winter.

But these are mere trifles. Ruskin's authority is not diminished by any singularity in his views of the singers of yesterday and the day before. That he concerned himself at all with such matters is rather endearing than repelling—it exhibits the Prophet of Brantwood as just a very human old gentleman instead of a flawless inhuman prig. His feelings may have been at times erratic, but his great heart was in the right place. And, till the end, there was little the matter with his head. His later publications are in nearly all respects his best. As a tract for the times "Fors Clavigera" is almost miraculously apposite. It begins with the Germans in France and travels through nearly all our present discontents. Its first number was issued nearly fifty years ago, but there can be few books so valuable to so many people at the present moment. It will open our eyes and clear our heads. The nations of Europe are sick, some sick almost to death; and we are come into this danger because we have followed evil and pretended that it was good. The apostles of profits, who are ready to sell anything or anybody for thirty pieces of silver, are still vehement in their old doctrine that the main rule of life is to take the cash and let the credit go, although the world is in ruins because we have followed them. As long as this is the national creed, the national life will be discreditable. For the prevalent moral sickness of states there is no panacea. What is needed is a wholesome regimen of life. Ruskin offers no panacea, and tells us plainly that there is none. The righteous nation will be made righteous simply by righteousness. In the next world we may be justified by faith; in this world we are justified also by works. That, in effect, is his message, and he delivers it with unwearied patience, emphasis and iteration. If he despaired, it was not because his teaching was false, but because his hearers were indifferent, and hurried smiling to their destruction. England had need of Ruskin's influence when he wrote; she never needed it more than now.

Humanity was always his passionate concern. His standing quarrel with professors of the Dismal Science (or theirs with him) arose precisely because he would introduce the human factor (which they ignored) into all economic teaching, because he insisted on reckoning national prosperity in units of happiness instead of aggregates of wealth, and because he demanded that economic theory must relate to the very world that is the world and not be left pinnacled dim in the intense inane. Poor Sissy Jupe was by anticipation a disciple of Ruskin when she rejected the facts of Gradgrind and McChoakumchild, and thought of the starving people rather than of the percentage of starvation. No two men could be less alike than Cobbett and Ruskin; yet in their crusade against commercialism they were brothers in arms—the one foreseeing the evil, the other having seen it. Dickens, greatest of creative artists since Shakespeare, the magnanimous, faulty, noble, vulgar Dickens—vulgar as the mother tongue is vulgar and common as the Book of Common Prayer is common—was not more passionately indignant at man's humanity to man, more fearless in denouncing national hypocrisy, or more courageous in demanding hope and life for the poor victims of our commercial triumphs, than this professor of the Fine Arts, who refused a life of ease and luxury, disdained sentiment and popularity, and became a voice crying in the wilderness, preaching not merely that we must repent, but that we must bring forth works meet for repentance, a prophet sometimes perverse, petulant, shrill and excessive, but always unfaltering, unflattering, undeviating and undismayed. In letters of gold let us write him as one who loved his fellow men.

THE WITTIEST MAN IN LONDON.*

By RICHARD WHITEING.

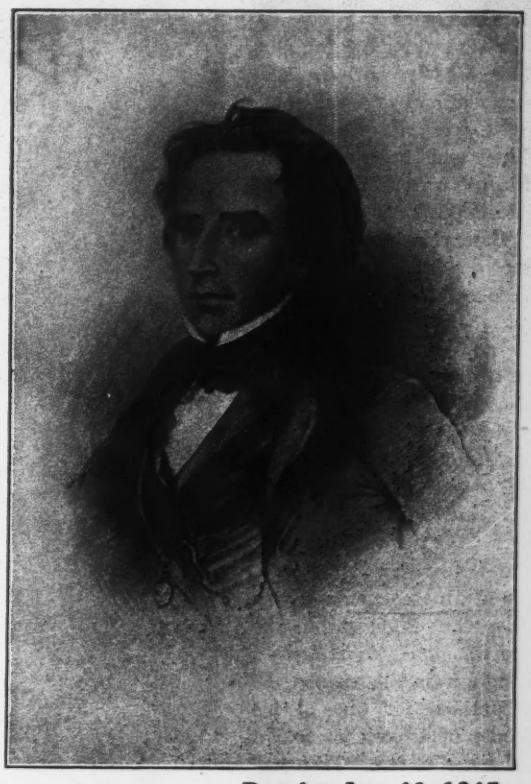
THE man, once hailed as above by an enthusiastic admirer, could manifestly have been no other than Douglas Jerrold. These two substantial volumes now devoted to his memory may be described as a tribute of filial piety, in the nature of the worship of ancestors. They are dedicated "To the descendants of Douglas Jerrold, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren (upwards of fifty in number)." One volume perhaps might have sufficed, not for lack of matter, but only because, in this busy age, those who read insist on running at the same time. And there is one other consideration—the Jerrolds have done bravely from 1803, when the hero of the piece was born. The youngest, or thereabouts, to date, has just made a promising start in literature; and her father, the author of the work, inherits almost in full measure the

* "Douglas Jerrold." By Walter Jerrold. 16s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

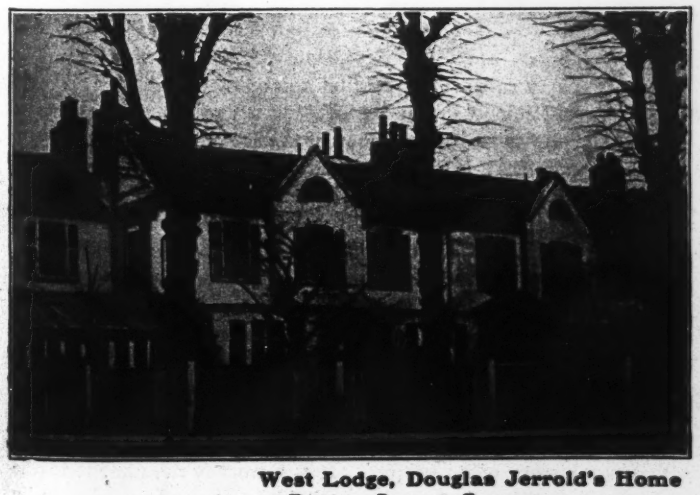
great ancestor's gift of punning repartee. It is a sort of clan of faculty in kindred arts, and it seems quite natural to think of them in the plural. They are *The* Jerrolds, and there an end. One branch formed an old theatrical family, Scottish on the mother's side, and, as Douglas, one of her sons bore her maiden name.

Like Pope, he may be said to have "lisped in numbers." He wrote his first play at sixteen, and this in very adverse circumstances and with nothing on the other side but his indomitable will. Moreover, it was a success, and this not in London only, but in Paris where it appeared in a translation, and with equal or greater good fortune. The French rarely borrowed from us in those days, though our authors in vogue almost lived upon them, and thought it no shame. At nineteen he had several pieces to his credit, among them a dramatised version of a Waverley novel. Copyright was a joke at that time—to all but the authors. He was then at case in a printer's office, where Phelps was reader, each educating himself in his miscalled leisure hours for a career. The former learned Latin and Italian in this way. His earnings with the pen were wretched; no wonder he had scant love for managers. He parted with four plays, all produced, for twenty pounds, when he was but two-and-twenty. Yet in the interval he had the pluck to marry—a girl whom he had chosen for his wife at eighteen as "the only she." The fates seem to have been tickled into tenderness by a sense of the joke; and in 1832 they gave him an idea for a comic paper, *Punch in London*, suggested by the production, a month earlier, of *Figaro in London*, under the editorship of Gilbert à Beckett. *Punch in London* soon vanished from both the metropolis and from the universe, but there was still a germ of promise in one part of the title. In 1841, under other ownership and other management, *Punch* pure and simple saw the light, and Jerrold received a cordial invitation to join the staff. This gave him his great opportunity, and some of his best work, including the exquisite "Story of a Feather," was done for the new paper. Its success was not far to seek. It was staffed by a band of joyous Bohemians who had seen life in the most ample and generous sense of both the terms. Even Thackeray, with his better social start, was no exception. They all had the democratic bias, the desire to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number by touching the springs of laughter or of tears. Nothing could surpass the variety and the good fortune of their experience of life and character. They could hobnob with the cobbler in his stall, or with the best of his customers. At the same time, their preference, for the standpoint, was that middle class into which most of them were born—mainly a middle class without guile. Hence the question: "Why is *Punch* not so good as it used to be?" still carries the paradoxical answer, "It never was." It had its golden age; and *quicquid agunt homines* was its rule of life. An age of iron which has supervened—to say nothing of the dash of brass between—has given us a staff perishing of in-breeding in Bayswater flats, and with the minor proprieties of gentility alike for its religion and its fun. The note (with its due limitations in decency) must ever be: Who cares? To see the difference we have only to compare the Caudle lectures of Jerrold, the inventor of the *genre*, and "The Naggletons" designed much later as its substitute, by a more fastidious writer for a more fastidious age.

Jerrold, as we have seen, began as a dramatist, and in that line he produced some sixty odd plays. Among them was his version of "Paul Pry" in which he had other writers as rivals, or pirates at their own sweet will. His "Black-eyed Susan" suffered much in this way. A single one of these or of "The



Douglas Jerrold, 1845.
From an etching by Kenney Meadows.
From "Douglas Jerrold: Dramatist and Wit," by Walter Jerrold (Hodder & Stoughton).



West Lodge, Douglas Jerrold's Home at Putney Lower Common.
From a photo by A. S. E. Ackermann, B.Sc. Taken in 1910, shortly before the demolition. From "Douglas Jerrold," by Walter Jerrold (Hodder & Stoughton).

Rent Day," duly protected by law, would have brought affluence to its author. The rest, good, bad or indifferent, ranged over the whole field of life and manners, from "Thomas à Becket" down to "Mr. Peppercorn at Home," or "Bamfylde Moore Carew," King of the Beggars, to "Vidocq" the French Police Spy. "Black eyed Susan," which owed its title to a song in "The Beggar's Opera," was a failure at first, until it found its hour and its man with T. P. Cooke in the cast. Then it was a fortune for the actor and for the management. Yet the author had to be content with sixty pounds, screwed up to seventy by his selling the copyright. The piece was true to nature all through, from the manners to the pathos, for one of his episodes of experience was a long term at sea. Tiring at length of these starvation wages, he started *The Shilling Magazine*, a portent in that day both for quality and quantity. It was a brilliant idea, but its projector was not a man of business, and it died the death in its infancy. This was followed by a brief return to the drama (1845) and a year later by his sub-editorship of the *Daily News*, then just starting with Charles Dickens in command. Within three weeks the chief had quitted his editorial chair "tired to death, and quite worn out"; and in about three months Jerrold had followed his example. Then, but only after a long interval, came another bite at journalism—*Lloyd's*. Years before that appeared he had projected a paper on much the same lines, on his own account, from which he could thunder the Liberal and Radical creed, then in the plenitude of its high spirits and faith in its mission. But this was not to be, under his guidance and management in its practical affairs. Nature had denied that, but with her wonted bounty to him she took care to have her eye on a man who could supply the defect to perfection. In 1842 *Lloyd's Illustrated Weekly* had been started by Edward Lloyd, an enterprising young printer and a herald of the cheap popular press, chiefly by "Advertising's Artful Aid." All he wanted to complete the conception was the man to advertise; and at length, but only after ten years, he ventured to approach Jerrold with the offer of the editorship.

He was at first coldly received, but he was equal to the occasion. "Mr. Jerrold," he said, "you are unaware of the terms I was going to propose."

"Quite."

"A thousand a year."

"Oh! that puts another complexion on the case. I'll see you again to-morrow."

Douglas Jerrold, 1852.

From the painting by Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

From "Douglas Jerrold," by Walter Jerrold (Hodder & Stoughton).

The morrow came, and both men no doubt were punctual to the appointment. "Make it twenty pounds a week," said Jerrold—or words to that effect—"and I'm your man."

"Done!" said the other, under the same reservation as to the literal accuracy of the text, and the bargain was struck.

So who says that Jerrold was not a business man?—though it must be admitted that he usually contrived to conceal that talent in a napkin.

Both were men of honour, and the settlement was never disturbed. The new editor held his post down to the day of his death, five years later. He worked like a slave on the paper, and took it out of journalism into literature, while still leaving it precious to the humblest reader dowered at a pinch with only one of the three R's. His name had a line to itself all across the front page: "Edited by Douglas Jerrold," like a guarantee of the genuineness of a potted meat. This label survived him, with but one change, "Blanchard," for the paternal name. It had all the benefit of an endowment, and it suited the proprietor of the paper as a suggestion that the public were still dealing in the spirit with the old firm.

He was a mighty sayer of good things, hot and hot from the brain, if not always from the heart. His quips and cranks, grave or gay, and all impromptus, were the common possession of the workshop, the club and the drawing-room. They are freely quoted in this book. He could argue, rebuke, denounce, chastise, praise—all in a jest. There is little in the collection to blot out of his record, but this rule unfortunately admits of one almost appalling exception. A friend at an evening party called his attention to the fact that Mrs. Jerrold had joined in the dancing with another of the guests. "He must be a member of the Royal Humane Society," said that woman's husband. In no circumstances can this brutal pleasantry pass muster, even on the supposition of an overdose of something that was not good for him, a rather common infirmity of the time. But it would be hard to part with such a man as he was without giving him the benefit of that doubt.

The illustrations include various portraits of Jerrold, with other plates, and a good index which may serve as a kind of epitome of the literary and dramatic activities of the Mid-Victorian period. The work has evidently been a labour of love, and it fills a gap in the history of its subject. It is a worthy monument to the memory of a very remarkable man, and is delightfully written from first to last.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best eight-lines of original verse on Sir Douglas Haig.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best original four-line epitaph on War Bread.)

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The Prize for the best lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to G. Laurence Groom, of 52, Lodge Drive, Palmer's Green, W.13, and to Vivien Ford, of 12, Priory Road, Clifton, Bristol, for the following:

THE UNHEEDED MINSTREL.

Hey ho! who's for a song?
(The way is weary, the road is long!)
Over the hill top and into the town,
Over the cobbles all golden and brown
In the glow that falls as the sun goes down,
(Oh but the way is weary!)

Hey ho! who's for a song?
(My feet are tired and the stones are cold!)
Under the eaves do your candles glow,
Firelight and shadow dance to and fro,
Comfort and cheer doth the goodwife know.
(Oh but the wind blows dreary!)

Hey ho! who's for a song?
(The sun goes down like a lamp of gold.)
Alone I stand in the market-place,
With never the smile of a friendly face;
And the frost on your windows makes fairy lace,
(And a song I make for your pleasure!)

Hey ho! who's for a song?
(The moon is up like a blood-red flame.)
Your doors are barred and your cloth is spread,
The babes dream warm in a curtained bed,
But the pitiless snow falls on my head
(My singing is all my treasure!)

Hey ho! who's for a song?
(In a hundred years 'twill be all the same!)
No one listens to songs of mine,
I sing them alone in the pale star-shine
And the stars sing too with a lilt divine,
(My song and the stars' together!)

Hey ho! who's for a song?
(I can sing no more, I have sung so long!)
The songs that awoke in my heart are mute,
That I carolled at dawn to the blackbird's flute.
See! I rend the strings of my quivering lute!
(Down the wind drifts a grey goose feather).

G. LAURENCE GROOM.

BLIND.

You, who have known her perfect loveliness
May guess how it would be
To have, to hold such beauty; to possess
And yet not see!

Like Tantalus of old, allured, beguiled
And cruelly denied,
So fretted, how shall I be reconciled?
How satisfied?

Love, love, I were an ingrate to complain:
Rather I should rejoice,
Finding eternal balm for all my pain
In your dear voice.

Photo by Taylor, Harrogate. **Mrs. Charles Ratcliffe,**
whose volume of poems, "Dales of Arcady," Mr. Erskine Macdonald has published.

Your touch my sombre prison can unbar:
I shall not lack for light
While your sweet presence rises like a star
Upon my night.

And if I may not wholly ease my drouth
With thirsty finger-tips,
I shall not go with parched and burning mouth
Having your lips.

VIVIEN FORD.

We also select for printing:

FOR THE AVIATORS.

God be with you, you who fly,
O'er the mountains in the sky.

Thro' the tempest's aftermath
God go first and pave a path.

And amid the dews and damp
May He light His kindly Lamp.

God your gracious Pilot be
Thro' the azure misty sea.

God, lest you should lose your way,
Give you conduct night and day.

Bring you, when each mile is past,
To your haven, safe at last.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

THE FOOL DEFIANT.

What's the good of loving and crying out on love
With the blithe sun about us and the blithe skies above?
Oh I am sick of loving, and the glamour and the pain—
Let's laugh and forget them, and feel the wind again. . . .

There are sweet birds in Sussex, and there's sunlight in the park,
And gay the yellow lamps wink out along the edge of dark—
There's music, too, to dance to; joy between star and star
And the pulsing roar of London swings up faintly from afar.

Oh I have need of no man, but I'll make my path alone—
A sweet road to follow once young teasing Love has flown,
For he's a faithless fellow and a cruel and a sad
And he goes with mocking laughter—and you've lost most joys you had.

But now I will have none of him—and proud and free I'll go
Down the high road, the lonely road, with sun and wind and Oh!
I'll find a greater happiness with those who are my friends
Than with the fleeting splendour—with the ashes of its ends.

Then sly-eyed Love came peeping down with laughter as I spoke—
Came with low laughter peeping as the first pale star awoke,
"O soon," he cried, "soon," he cried, "you'll call for love again,
And I shall turn my head away, and you cry out in vain."

(P. Whitehouse, 52, North Street, Horsham, Sussex.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Peter Chevasse (Walsall), R. Taylor (Wallasey), Sydney Jeffrey (Salonika), Marguerite Sanders (London, W.), Margaret O. Curle (London, S.W.), B. Campbell Guerin (Guernsey), Margaret K. McEvoy (London, N.W.), Private William C. Pocock (Dublin), May Herschel Clarke (London, S.E.), "Thalassa" (Brixham), Sydney Berry (Elmham), Margaret Bardwell (Kingston-on-Thames), Alfred Watson (Nottingham), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Southport), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), L. Nugent (Sowerby Bridge), J. A. B. (London, N.), D. O'Connor (Beaconsfield), F. Olse (Q.M.A.A.C., France), Jessie Hare Wakefield (Barnsley), Julian Waterhouse (Liverpool), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), Cuthbert Ellison (Rochdale), Leslie D. Cosgrove (London, W.), Herbert Wallace Barnsdale (Lincoln), C. Burton (London, S.E.), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), R. Case (Eastbourne), James S. Smith (Salisbury), S. G. K. (Redcar), J. T. Robson (Dollar), Lilian Holmes (Charing), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Marguerite Sanders (London, W.), Emma R. Goodwin (Massachusetts), Laurence Tarr (B.E.F., France), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Arthur E. Church (B.E.F., France), B. E. Todd (Doncaster).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne, for the following:

THE GIRL WITH NO PROPOSALS. BY MARJORY ROYCE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"It is no fault of yours, mamma,
That, everybody knows."
T. H. BAYLY, *Why Don't the Men propose.*

We also select for printing:

MOCKERY: A TALE OF DECEPTIONS. BY ALEXANDER MACFARLAN. (Heinemann.)

"Water, water, everywhere
And not a drop to drink."
S. T. COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner.*

(Maud Simpson, Minterne Grange, Parkstone, Dorset.)

THE ROUGH ROAD. BY W. J. LOCKE. (John Lane.)

"The corn, oh the corn . . ."
R. D. BLACKMORE, *Exmoor Harvest-Song—Lorna Doone.*

(J. Richard Ellaway, Lynmoor, Basingstoke.)

LOVE AND A COTTAGE. BY KEBLE HOWARD. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"Ask not how long our love will last."
G. ETHEREGE, *To a Lady.*

(M. McDonnell, 12, Robert Street, Lancaster.)

THE GIRL WITH NO PROPOSALS. BY M. ROYCE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"I looked at her and looked again
And did not wish her mine."
WORDSWORTH, *The Two April Mornings.*

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

(2) "Still nursing the unconquerable hope."
M. ARNOLD, *The Scholar Gipsy.*

(Muriel Westwood, The Park, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.)

(3) "I am here at the gate alone."
TENNYSON'S *Maud.*

(Mrs. B. W. Heath, 26, Phœnix Lodge Mansions, Brook Green, London, W.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best eight lines addressed to our soldiers on Peace is awarded to May B. Wardale, of Shrewton, Wilts, for the following:

TO THE SOLDIERS ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

To you, who offered all things for our sake,
Glad tribute of our love and praise we make.
Your warfare is accomplished—suffering o'er:
Behold! your name shall live for evermore.

And when Peace leads you home with gentle hand,
God grant you find a cleaner, happier land:
Teach us the lessons you have learnt, that we
May worthier prove of your high chivalry.

From the large number of replies received we select for special commendation the twelve by Cyril G. Taylor (Bedall), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Private R. C. Bodker (Prees Heath), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), G. M. Sturdee (Taunton), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Edith Beechey (Bristol), E. Hindley (Clapham Common), Lieutenant R. P. Connell (Portslade), Kathleen E. Douglas (Salisbury), A. D. Moorhouse (Birmingham), W. E. R. (Dollar).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to B. Noël Saxelby, of 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

GLENMORNAN. By PATRICK MACGILL.
(Herbert Jenkins.)

"Glenmornan" is less a story than a sketch of a Donegal village as seen through the awakened eyes of one of the natives, who has been out into the world and, wearied of journalistic life, has returned to his old niche. The baffling personality of the Irish peasant is dispassionately drawn—his strangely primitive way of life, his curious mixture of shrewdness and superstition, his traditional submission to the priest. Though Doalty himself is a shadowy figure, some of the characters—such as old Viney Leahy—live and the book breathes the tang of peat smoke and newly ploughed earth.

We also select for printing:

SHOPS AND HOUSES. By FRANK SWINNERTON.
(Methuen.)

This clever study of the mentality of a small town swathed in its narrow conventions, feeding upon its own small affairs and smaller gossip, strongly on the defensive against ideas from without, is accomplished with all Mr. Swinnerton's keen insight and sure handling of psychologic detail. The freshness and originality of Dorothy, so disturbing to the self-satisfaction of Beckwith, stand out in bold relief against this background. The bitterness of the implied criticism is not decreased by Dorothy's conclusion that Beckwith is less a place than a disease for which there is no cure—a disease to be avoided by escape at all costs.
(Isabelle Griffin, Enville Cottage, Bradmore.)

We select for special commendation the fourteen reviews by John van Druten (Gerrard's Cross), Gladis Fletcher (Highbury), Ethel Mulvaney (Dublin), G. M. Field (Earl's Court), Eve Casey (London, W.C.), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), J. Stanley Stokes (Heavitree), Mrs. Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), Elizabeth Miller (Motherwell), Ivy Ray (Surbiton), William Saunders (Edinburgh), Alfred Green (Skipton), Helen M. Jordan (Cheltenham), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Maud Montagu Bruce, of Airth, Sunningdale, Berks.

THREE WOMEN NOVELISTS.

By ASHLEY GIBSON.

A CHINESE philosopher once left home and travelled for a year and a day in search of the herb Suma, that brings peace to doubting hearts. Footsore and in rags, he reached at nightfall a monastery high and alone upon a rugged cliff. "What seek you?" said the watcher at the gate. "I seek the herb Suma, the blessed herb, soother of troubled spirits, as is indeed very well known." "Enter then, brother," quoth the watcher, "and await your turn, for even at this hour the head of our order, none holier among Lamas, communes with the Infinite upon the floor of his cell before the divine herb of which you speak, now brought hither since a year and a day by a pious mendicant. From the city of Kwen he bore it, where among the stones before a wise man's dwelling it sprung and blossomed, and was tended, as we have heard, by a virgin whose eyes are like almonds of jade, whose teeth are like moonstones, whose hair is fine and silky as the grass beside the waterfall. They say the buds upon the cherry tree in spring are no more——" "Peace, brother," quoth the philosopher, "for this city of Kwen is no more than mine own city, and the wise man therein none other than my brother-in-law the apothecary, a devout man in sooth but a widower and blind of one eye, and the virgin, for so much I would not gainsay, but tire-wench to the brats of my deceased sister, a squinting hunchback, a cross-patch. I mind me this weed serves but to brew potions for a queasy stomach." "Adieu, then, brother," quoth the watcher, "and learn to look well about thee before thou goest more a-travelling, for not always does the plumpest chick fall to the hawk."

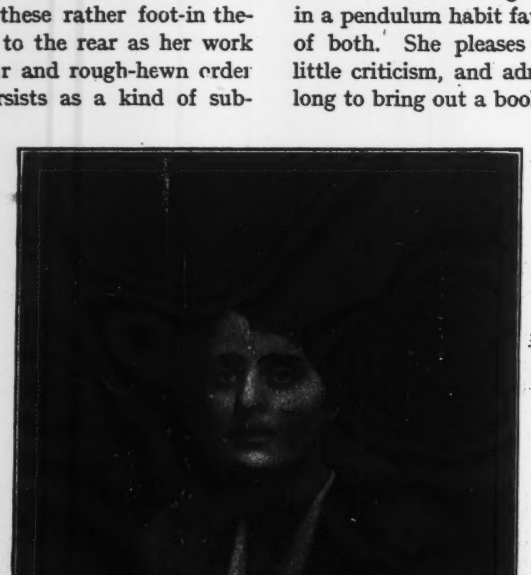
Photo by G. C. Beresford. Miss Viola Meynell.

I cherish a little porcelain figure of this Chinaman. Flanked by a half-platoon of new books, and throwing their Hunnish paper jackets into harsh contrast with his own flowing robe of *famille rose* and lavender, he stands on my table wearing an air of sagacity, a round black hat with a turned up brim, and long, snaky moustachios. One is justified in assuming that he was cross with the concierge and only said spiteful things about the plant because he was angry at not having detected it before. And he has reminded me of the way

one discovers so many of the jolly things in art, as in life.

Quite several years ago, on a very far and tropic shore whose outstanding and almost sole features were coconuts, catamarans, and a few mail papers, it befell me, prying idly enough among literary flotsam from the Antipodes, to mark where a moral storm had passed and left some far away reviewer a little upset and at a loss for epithets. One investigated the focus of this maelstrom. It was Viola Meyrell. His literary editor had slipped "Modern Lovers" into the good easy man's parcel. You could have gathered from the resulting commotion that he ought to have coped with it himself, or posted it to somebody else, or better still perhaps have ignored its existence altogether. Because this sort of thing from an *ingénue* was remarkable, of course, but well, really——

To be startled, or rather perhaps to be mentally arrested by one after another of the characteristic virtuosities of Miss Meynell's occasionally *bravura* art or by some wayward touch of a queerly nimble fancy, will in all likelihood be the first sensation aroused by fresh acquaintance with her work. Others will no doubt follow. I am rather glad it was not I who met her first between the covers of "Modern Lovers," highly as I would rate many qualities of a curious and often beautiful book that did, after all, serve as my first introduction. I really believe it is spoilt by its men. One is harassed by what seems a recurring constitutional weakness in their vertebral structure, not that any one is going to cavil at this overmuch in the early work of a writer who finds her public while she is still in the schoolroom. Gradually, too, these rather foot-in the-grave young men are elbowed to the rear as her work develops by a more corpuscular and rough-hewn order of being, though the type persists as a kind of subsidiary or ornamental feature of the composition. And they seem to merge without jarring or dissonance into the backgrounds of those delightful rooms where fathers and mothers hold intimate fragmentary talk with all kinds of daughters in the firelight hour. There is no shadow of doubt but that Miss Meynell is first-rate at daughters. I know of no other gallery where one can study the young woman of the period with the advantage and delight that her half-dozen novels offer. Coltish, passionate, scheming, neurotic, romantic, or just gorgeously and sublimely good (not naughty as a rule if one excepts Effie Rutherglen, who possessed a father and other cogent reasons for rebellion), and all hall-marked "intellectuals," who are as well up in the points of Persian rugs, antique furniture, Bokhara bed-spreads, *incunabulæ*, and the works of Augustus John, as the longest-haired and soulfullest of their male acquaintance, these Marthas and Alisons and Millies and Imogens and Esthers are a delicious garland of blossoms in the bud. Not that one could not almost barter the collection for a representative brace of the other damsels who are not "intellectuals" at all, but just fascinating and vivid *gamines* of the genus whose manner and phraseology Miss Meynell has caught and echoed with the deftly photographic skill which is not the worthiest but a very potent weapon of her armoury.



Miss E. M. Delafield.

One ought not to be surprised at Miss Meynell, as the daughter of her father and mother and presumably in her pinafore days the critic on the hearth of Francis Thompson's fairy stories, taking to writing almost before she had finished with the multiplication table. A new fountain pen and access to the parental inkwell may be pictured as having done the rest. And it is entirely to her credit that while others have had similar inducements and achieved little or nothing, Miss Meynell has made good, and goes one better every time. "Martha Vine," for instance, appeared in its author's teens. Since then "Lot Barrow," "Columbine," "Modern Lovers," "Narcissus," and "Second Marriage" have marked every year or two the growing, ripening of a precocious talent. To have read Miss Meynell's books is to know that she lives much in the country, where, in a corner conveniently off the map, one understands that she has surrounded herself with objects dear to her heart in what was once a cowshed and is now a hermitage where dreams and work alternate in a pendulum habit favourable to the best development of both. She pleases to vary creative effort with a little criticism, and admits that her publisher is before long to bring out a book of her poems. At the moment she happens not to be writing another novel, and the moment, I am sure, is a brief halt on the road to very considerable distinction indeed. Insight, observation, sympathy, humour, and creative facility, have always been at her command. And the larger view, which alone she may be said to lack in a degree that keeps her just, but only just, behind the very foremost of her contemporaries, is being revealed to her in ever widening glimpses.

A hopeful and characteristic feature of the new school is that so many women should be producing better work than so many men, and it is a very good thing for everybody, not excepting Miss Meynell, that she should have distinguished competitors of her own sex and generation. Admit, if you like, that women authors tend to be humorous

and satirical rather than imaginative, but surely this is fruitful and responsive earth to delve in, and if Phyllis in gaiters realises her limitations and surrenders the remainder of the landscape to the mere male, she is certainly not going to lose by it. Of all the long list of books that owe their being to the war there is a novel of satire that overtops all rivals in its own field, and that one is a woman's work. Miss Delafield's "War Workers" is mordant, acute, deadly almost in the unerring accuracy of its analysis of character and motive, but malicious never, nor ever really uncharitable, because its apparent callousness is nothing more than the camouflaged benevolence of the expert surgeon. You have only to watch the meticulous but supreme artistry with which Miss Delafield elaborates her subordinate types among the Midland Supply Depot's voluntary workers to realise that having learnt to understand commonplace people she finds it not difficult to love them or to demonstrate their lovableness to the world.

Miss Tennyson Jesse.

"The War Workers," if it happens that you have never discovered Miss Delafield before, will send you hunting through booksellers' catalogues, backwards for what you have already missed, and forwards among the new announcements with a lively sense of pleasure to come. In the one case you will be rewarded with "Zella Sees Herself," and in the other with "The Pelicans." It would not be unfair to Miss "Delafield" (for we must respect the not too opaque pseudonym that shuns the pulling of a string convenient to the grasp of a popular favourite's daughter) to suggest that she had never drawn a more admirable portrait than of this far from unattractive but never unconscious *poseuse*. Almost she need never aspire to improve upon it, when she is making it her business, that is, to concentrate on one personality and use the others merely as supports or foils for the central figure. Not the daughters of Eve only but every son of Adam is dowered with Zella's legacy, hardly, fortunately for most of us, in such brimming measure, or rather it may be mercifully set off as a rule by an ameliorative dimness of vision where the springs of our own motives are in question. Each of us has pretended to knowledge of books and pictures that we have neither read nor seen, most of us have wilfully misled our elders to a belief in our possession of prayer-books that were really of the hypothetical variety, some of us have been inspired by the whispers of fools to play-acting for the inept indecorousness of which we have afterwards wept, and yet with the average individual these regrettable incidents have occurred not so much at the crucial turning points of life as by way of trivial dallyings along the path. Zella de Kervoyou was unfortunate because her particular black dog always barked when happiness was just round the corner and frightened that cat-like wayfarer into the undergrowth. One would be grateful to witness so long deferred a meeting in another novel.

Not every one will subscribe to a fairly general conclusion that "The Pelicans" is a better book than "Zella." There is humour and satire to spare, an understanding of the gossamer mechanism of feminine mentality and feminine behaviour inexpressibly delicate in perception and distinguished in expression, but a weakness of synthesis and an unsureness of logical development that lead one, when all is said and done, nowhere in particular, after criticism has been armed by promises explicit in the title and implicit in the text of a properly marshalled argument marching to a triumphant Q.E.D.

There is another woman writer whose work rather suggests than challenges comparison with Miss Meynell and Miss Delafield. Read by themselves one or two of Miss Tennyson Jesse's short stories seemed, in the *English Review* and elsewhere, to bear the test of good company well enough to foreshadow work of a high order such time as the writer chose to tempt fame with a full-length novel. But here, I think, Miss Jesse has hardly done herself justice at present. "The Milky Way" was a young book, fresh and high spirited and buoyant, no more jejune in quality than nine tenths of what pass for the successes of older and more practised hands. If its writer's way was a little too milky for palates that were more likely than not to be a trifle vitiated, one hoped for a stronger tang in later draughts from the same spring. And now one is impelled to think that Miss Jesse has matured too quickly. "Secret Bread"—Miss Jesse is almost defiantly honest in her titles—is dry on the tongue before one is through with it. Personally I liked Ishmael Ruan enormously throughout babyhood and youth and middle age. As a patriarch I find him a little boring, after the fashion of grandfathers. By way of recompense, however, the regiment of women who twine and untwine their sylph-like forms about the lonely Ishmael like *figurantes* in a *corps de ballet*, flaunting their appeal in a gamut of modes bounded by the crinolines of Frith and the kimonos of Futurism, are extraordinarily, almost painfully, alive, and amazingly interesting. Only a woman could have perceived a Blanche and a Judith with the deadly clarity of Miss Jesse's vision, only a woman could have etched their portraits without ruth and left an unfudged outline.

Your touch my sombre prison can unbar:
I shall not lack for light
While your sweet presence rises like a star
Upon my night.

And if I may not wholly ease my drouth
With thirsty finger-tips
I shall not go with parched and burning mouth
Having your lips.

VIVIAN FOKE.

We also select for printing:

FOR THE AVIATORS.

God be with you, you who fly,
O'er the mountains in the sky.

Thro' the tempest's aftermath
God go first and pave a path.

And amid the dews and damp
May He light His kindly Lamp.

God your gracious Pilot be
Thro' the azure misty sea.

God, lest you should lose your way,
Give you conduct night and day.

Bring you, when each mile is past,
To your haven, safe at last.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

THE FOOL DEFIANT.

What's the good of loving and crying out on love
With the blithe sun about us and the blithe skies above?
Oh I am sick of loving, and the glamour and the pain—
Let's laugh and forget them, and feel the wind again. . . .

There are sweet birds in Sussex, and there's sunlight in the park,
And gay the yellow lamps wink out along the edge of dark—
There's music, too, to dance to; joy between star and star
And the pulsing roar of London swings up faintly from afar.

Oh I have need of no man, but I'll make my path alone—
A sweet road to follow once young teasing Love has flown,
For he's a faithless fellow and a cruel and a sad
And he goes with mocking laughter—and you've lost most joys you had.

But now I will have none of him—and proud and free I'll go
Down the high road, the lonely road, with sun and wind and Oh!
I'll find a greater happiness with those who are my friends
Than with the fleeting splendour—with the ashes of its ends.

Then sly-eyed Love came peeping down with laughter as I spoke—
Came with low laughter peeping as the first pale star awoke,
"O soon," he cried, "soon," he cried, "you'll call for love again,
And I shall turn my head away, and you cry out in vain."

(P. Whitehouse, 52, North Street, Horsham, Sussex.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Peter Chevasse (Walsall), R. Taylor (Wallasey), Sydney Jeffrey (Salonika), Marguerite Sanders (London, W.), Margaret O. Curle (London, S.W.), B. Campbell Guerin (Guernsey), Margaret K. McEvoy (London, N.W.), Private William C. Pocock (Dublin), May Herschel Clarke (London, S.E.), "Thalassa" (Brixham), Sydney Berry (Elmham), Margaret Bardwell (Kingston-on-Thames), Alfred Watson (Nottingham), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Southport), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), L. Nugent (Sowerby Bridge), J. A. B. (London, N.), D. O'Connor (Beaconsfield), F. Olse (O.M.A.A.C., France), Jessie Hare Wakefield (Barnsley), Julian Waterhouse (Liverpool), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), Cuthbert Ellison (Rochdale), Leslie D. Cosgrove (London, W.), Herbert Wallace Barnsdale (Lincoln), C. Burton (London, S.E.), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), R. Case (Eastbourne), James S. Smith (Salisbury), S. G. K. (Redcar), J. T. Robson (Dollar), Lilian Holmes (Charing), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Marguerite Sanders (London, W.), Emma R. Goodwin (Massachusetts), Laurence Tarr (B.E.F., France), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Arthur E. Church (B.E.F., France), B. E. Todd (Doncaster).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne, for the following:

THE GIRL WITH NO PROPOSALS. By MARJORY ROYCE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"It is no fault of yours, mamma,
That, everybody knows."
T. H. BAYLY, *Why Don't the Men propose.*

We also select for printing:

MOCKERY: A TALE OF DECEPTIONS. By ALEXANDER MACFARLAN. (Heinemann.)

"Water, water, everywhere
And not a drop to drink."
S. T. COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner.*

(Maud Simpson, Minterne Grange, Parkstone, Dorset.)

THE ROUGH ROAD. By W. J. LOCKE. (John Lane.)

"The corn, oh the corn . . ."
R. D. BLACKMORE, *Exmoor Harvest-Song—Lorna Doone.*

(J. Richard Ellaway, Lynmoor, Basingstoke.)

LOVE AND A COTTAGE. By KEBLE HOWARD. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"Ask not how long our love will last."
G. ETHEREGE, *To a Lady.*

(M. McDonnell, 12, Robert Street, Lancaster.)

THE GIRL WITH NO PROPOSALS. By M. ROYCE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"I looked at her and looked again
And did not wish her mine."
WORDSWORTH, *The Two April Mornings.*

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

(2) "Still nursing the unconquerable hope."
M. ARNOLD, *The Scholar Gipsy.*

(Muriel Westwood, The Park, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.)

(3) "I am here at the gate alone."
TENNYSON'S *Maud.*

(Mrs. B. W. Heath, 26, Phœnix Lodge Mansions, Brook Green, London, W.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best eight lines addressed to our soldiers on Peace is awarded to May B. Wardale, of Shrewton, Wilts, for the following:

TO THE SOLDIERS ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

To you, who offered all things for our sake,
Glad tribute of our love and praise we make.
Your warfare is accomplished—suffering o'er:
Behold! your name shall live for evermore.

And when Peace leads you home with gentle hand,
God grant you find a cleaner, happier land:
Teach us the lessons you have learnt, that we
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One ought not to be surprised at Miss Meynell, as the daughter of her father and mother and presumably in her pinafore days the critic on the hearth of Francis Thompson's fairy stories, taking to writing almost before she had finished with the multiplication table. A new fountain pen and access to the parental inkwell may be pictured as having done the rest. And it is entirely to her credit that while others have had similar inducements and achieved little or nothing, Miss Meynell has made good, and goes one better every time. "Martha Vine," for instance, appeared in its author's teens. Since then "Lot Barrow," "Columbine," "Modern Lovers," "Narcissus," and "Second Marriage" have marked every year or two the growing, ripening of a precocious talent. To have read Miss Meynell's books is to know that she lives much in the country, where, in a corner conveniently off the map, one understands that she has surrounded herself with objects dear to her heart in what was once a cowshed and is now a hermitage where dreams and work alternate in a pendulum habit favourable to the best development of both. She pleases to vary creative effort with a little criticism, and admits that her publisher is before long to bring out a book of her poems. At the moment she happens not to be writing another novel, and the moment, I am sure, is a brief halt on the road to very considerable distinction indeed. Insight, observation, sympathy, humour, and creative facility, have always been at her command. And the larger view, which alone she may be said to lack in a degree that keeps her just, but only just, behind the very foremost of her contemporaries, is being revealed to her in ever widening glimpses.

A hopeful and characteristic feature of the new school is that so many women should be producing better work than so many men, and it is a very good thing for everybody, not excepting Miss Meynell, that she should have distinguished competitors of her own sex and generation. Admit, if you like, that women authors tend to be humorous

and satirical rather than imaginative, but surely this is fruitful and responsive earth to delve in, and if Phyllis in gaiters realises her limitations and surrenders the remainder of the landscape to the mere male, she is certainly not going to lose by it. Of all the long list of books that owe their being to the war there is a novel of satire that overtops all rivals in its own field, and that one is a woman's work. Miss Delafield's "War Workers" is mordant, acute, deadly almost in the unerring accuracy of its analysis of character and motive, but malicious never, nor ever really uncharitable, because its apparent callousness is nothing more than the camouflaged benevolence of the expert surgeon. You have only to watch the meticulous but supreme artistry with which Miss Delafield elaborates her subordinate types among the Midland Supply Depot's voluntary workers to realise that having learnt to understand commonplace people she finds it not difficult to love them or to demonstrate their lovableness to the world.

Miss Tennyson Jesse.

"The War Workers," if it happens that you have never discovered Miss Delafield before, will send you hunting through booksellers' catalogues, backwards for what you have already missed, and forwards among the new announcements with a lively sense of pleasure to come. In the one case you will be rewarded with "Zella Sees Herself," and in the other with "The Pelicans." It would not be unfair to Miss "Delafield" (for we must respect the not too opaque pseudonym that shuns the pulling of a string convenient to the grasp of a popular favourite's daughter) to suggest that she had never drawn a more admirable portrait than of this far from unattractive but never unconscious *poseuse*. Almost she need never aspire to improve upon it, when she is making it her business, that is, to concentrate on one personality and use the others merely as supports or foils for the central figure. Not the daughters of Eve only but every son of Adam is dowered with Zella's legacy, hardly, fortunately for most of us, in such brimming measure, or rather it may be mercifully set off as a rule by an ameliorative dimness of vision where the springs of our own motives are in question. Each of us has pretended to knowledge of books and pictures that we have neither read nor seen, most of us have wilfully misled our elders to a belief in our possession of prayer-books that were really of the hypothetical variety, some of us have been inspired by the whispers of fools to play-acting for the inept indecorousness of which we have afterwards wept, and yet with the average individual these regrettable incidents have occurred not so much at the crucial turning points of life as by way of trivial dallyings along the path. Zella de Kervoyou was unfortunate because her particular black dog always barked when happiness was just round the corner and frightened that cat-like wayfarer into the undergrowth. One would be grateful to witness so long deferred a meeting in another novel.

Not every one will subscribe to a fairly general conclusion that "The Pelicans" is a better book than "Zella." There is humour and satire to spare, an understanding of the gossamer mechanism of feminine mentality and feminine behaviour inexpressibly delicate in perception and distinguished in expression, but a weakness of synthesis and an unsureness of logical development that lead one, when all is said and done, nowhere in particular, after criticism has been armed by promises explicit in the title and implicit in the text of a properly marshalled argument marching to a triumphant Q.E.D.

There is another woman writer whose work rather suggests than challenges comparison with Miss Meynell and Miss Delafield. Read by themselves one or two of Miss Tennyson Jesse's short stories seemed, in the *English Review* and elsewhere, to bear the test of good company well enough to foreshadow work of a high order such time as the writer chose to tempt fame with a full-length novel. But here, I think, Miss Jesse has hardly done herself justice at present. "The Milky Way" was a young book, fresh and high spirited and buoyant, no more jejune in quality than nine tenths of what pass for the successes of older and more practised hands. If its writer's way was a little too milky for palates that were more likely than not to be a trifle vitiated, one hoped for a stronger tang in later draughts from the same spring. And now one is impelled to think that Miss Jesse has matured too quickly. "Secret Bread"—Miss Jesse is almost defiantly honest in her titles—is dry on the tongue before one is through with it. Personally I liked Ishmael Ruan enormously throughout babyhood and youth and middle age. As a patriarch I find him a little boring, after the fashion of grandfathers. By way of recompense, however, the regiment of women who twine and untwine their sylph-like forms about the lonely Ishmael like *figurantes* in a *corps de ballet*, flaunting their appeal in a gamut of modes bounded by the crinolines of Frith and the kimonos of Futurism, are extraordinarily, almost painfully, alive, and amazingly interesting. Only a woman could have perceived a Blanche and a Judith with the deadly clarity of Miss Jesse's vision, only a woman could have etched their portraits without ruth and left an unfudged outline.

XUM

New Books.

REUNION IN ETERNITY.*

The audience for a book of this kind is ready and large. The great war has made thousands of Christian people think, as they did not think before, about the question, "Shall we know our beloved in the next life?" Sir William Robertson Nicoll has offered them a book which is full of wise and sympathetic counsel, written with literary grace and, with what is more vital in this connection, a spirit of religious conviction. It is divided into two parts. The first contains twelve essays on the subject, the second is devoted to a rich and varied anthology of passages from ancient and modern literature which breathe this hope. Probably many people will be surprised at the extent to which faith in reunion has affected the human mind. The evidence from avowedly Christian writers is itself ample. But even authors who are more or less detached from the Church, if not from Christianity itself, have shown a remarkable leaning to this belief, from Victor Hugo to Carlyle, from Mazzini to Mrs. Grote. It is a revelation, as you turn over the pages of this book, to discover what a chorus of assent the belief has evoked. You wonder why no one has thought of collecting such testimonies until now. However, it has been done, and done competently at last, though Sir William Robertson Nicoll would be the first to disclaim any completeness for his anthology.

The main conclusions of the book may be best stated in his own words:

"They are: (1) That faithful souls pass in dying to the immediate presence of Jesus Christ. (2) That they are, as Bishop Gore says, 'cleansed and enlightened and perfected.' (3) That they are carried into the heart of their desire in immediate reunion with their beloved who have gone before. (4) That they wait in peace for the Second Advent, the Resurrection, the Judgment."

The fourth conclusion is not worked out into any theological scheme. Perhaps wisely. I do not remember coming across the word "eschatology" in all the two hundred and eighty pages, and this was a relief. The very word "eschatology," like "pedagogy," has a clank about it. Besides, what most people who read this book want, is the strengthening of their hopes, and that can be done, it is done here, thoughtfully, without entering into technical discussions which may be found in any textbook of doctrine. Such arguments and illustrations as are provided in the essays and the anthology run up into steady affirmations like these:

"Because Christ is Christ and His people are His people, because there is a great and deep love between many who have been parted for the time by death, it is certain that we shall know them in the world of Eternity as we knew them—and far better than we knew them—in the world of Time. . . . Our beloved dead are waiting as eagerly to tell us their story as we are to tell them ours. . . . Our gathering together unto Him in the next life, to know and be known of Him, will of itself make necessary our knowledge of one another. He Who inspired the human love that now seeks its own . . . will never deny us our heart's desire."

The conclusion of the whole matter was put by Tennyson in his simple line about Hallam:

"I shall know him when we meet."

Like all the simplicities of thought or of speech, this was not reached without an effort, which the author analyses in his pages upon "In Memoriam." But it was reached. Tennyson worked his way from the earlier craving for the bodily presence of the departed, to a contented hope that beyond death souls would unite and unite perfectly. In poetry, he and Dante are the supreme exponents of this conviction.

The essay on Dante is contributed by Miss Jane T. Stoddart. I think it was Mr. Augustine Birrell who said once that if you were ever to enjoy reading over your own books, they should be written in whole or in part by some one else. Sir William Robertson Nicoll will enjoy this joy. Miss Stoddart has also contributed an essay on Luther and Melanchthon. She notes that Melanchthon was far more absorbed latterly in this question of reunion than Luther. The appendix to the volume contains four letters from other hands. Dr. A. S. Peake calls attention to the real but vague faith in reunion which the Hebrew put into his shadowy underworld of Sheol. Dr. T. E. Page cannot find any specific traces of the belief in paganism of the classical period. Mr. A. E. Waite accounts for the surprising silence of the great mystics on this subject by their tendency to "regard the love of creatures as a hindrance, except in so far as it belonged to the detached counsels of charity." Their monastic environment must have also fostered this limitation. Dr. William Barry has a slightly sub-acid touch in his letter upon the teaching of the Roman Church. He speaks of English Christians who believe "they still carry their family arrangements into a world which transcends all the lines and qualities of mere human nature," and disparages some favourite hymns. But after all this is generally no more than homeliness carried into religion. It may be selfishness just as the monastic mystic was selfish in another fashion. Still it is probably not further away from the truth than the de-humanised passion of an individual soul for absorption in the Deity. "In the Mass," says Dr. Barry, "we do indeed recite St. Paul (1 Thess. iv. 18), but the comfort held out is 'to be ever with the Lord.'" Precisely. But St. Paul had just written, "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?"

The catena of passages begins with a collection of prose and verse upon the family, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, and so on. Then follow miscellaneous testimonies from history and literature. Perhaps the most sincere way of showing one's gratitude to the author will be to offer him two passages which are not unworthy of being placed beside his fine collection. One is Sir Gilbert Parker's sonnet, "Reunited":

"When you and I have play'd the little hour,
Have seen the tall subaltern Life to Death
Yield up his sword . . .
Alone, we two, who never yet did meet."

But I notice Sir Arthur Quiller Couch has been able to put the whole poem into his Oxford Book of Victorian Verse. To that I add the superb sentences from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" which describe Christian and Hopeful being conducted from the river of death to the gate of the heavenly city by two Shining Ones, who tell them: "There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you." From the story of the welcome I take these words:

"Thus therefore they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these Trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their musick with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his Brother, how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. . . . But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! And thus they came up to the Gate. . . . Then I saw in my Dream that some from above looked over the Gate, to wit, *Enoch, Moses, Elijah*, etc."

Any bookman will recognise the great prose. But these words corroborate an argument of Sir William Robertson Nicoll, that "it would certainly appear that there is a near future for the soul and also a remoter future." Bunyan's imagination plainly conceived that death was not immediately followed by entrance into the heavenly city.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "Reunion in Eternity." By W. Robertson Nicoll. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

MODERNITY AND CONSOLATION.*

The five volumes of poetry here to be considered are very different from one another in detail, but they are united in one essential quality. They are all intensely modern, both in method and in spirit. And their modernity is marked by nothing so conspicuously as by their unhesitating honesty towards the problems of life; they do not sentimentalise life, nor gloze it over with pretence, and yet upon the whole they decide that its consolations render it worth while. One poet finds one malady to deplore, and one another; and the consolations offered change with the temperament of the artist. Yet all unite in praising life as an affair of great opportunities, if only man has the courage to seek them out amid the tangle of emotion and disappointment which inevitably besets his way. Their general effect becomes in this fashion stimulating and strong, and by far the stronger, of course, for the poets' courage in looking facts directly in the face.

Mr. Ernest Rhys, the first poet on our list, is also in many respects the most notable, and his latest book will probably be regarded as his strongest. It marks, at any rate, a singular concession to the modern spirit, in one who has hitherto shown more inclination for the poetry of vision and pure imagination. From his Welsh mountains and mythical legends Mr. Rhys, compelled by the absorbing panorama of war, has descended into the thick of the crowd, rubbing shoulders with the troops and their womenkind, sharing their confidences in the breathless tube and tram, and watching everything with a keen and sympathetic eye. Nothing better has been written in verse about the war than some of the pieces in Mr. Rhys's "Tommiad." He goes straight to facts; yet never fails to illumine them with some flash of intimate interpretation. There is a wonderful picture of the Northern warrior on his way home in the railway carriage, half dumb, dreamy-eyed, full of visionary memories:

"Newcassel to Lee Halver—
Ten mates. and him, went over.
Take ten away—that's one
Left, going north, alone."

There are vivid glimpses of light loves in the portal, of rough handling, crude sentiment, brutality even, but behind it all, the heart of a man enduring and of a woman suffering, without illusion:

"Good-bye! . . .
You was none too good a boy—
Cruel to me, more'n once,
So you was, but often kind.
You never said your prayers,
You never saved a cent.
Cigarettes, and swears—
That's how the fancy went:
And you whistled every girl,
Like a starling on a tree.

"Good-bye! . . .
When you're fightin' out in France,
And the trench is deep in mud—
One side, the old road home
That was miry in the rain;
On t'other, 'tarnity—
Tom, Tom, you mother's son,
Think o' me!"

These strong, honest, gripping poems of war and warriors succeed wonderfully in retaining the coarse flavour of fact without losing touch with the poet's art of irradiating reality with imagination. They are the principal contribution in Mr. Rhys's new book, but they do not stand alone. The heart of human sympathy, which fills them, overflows into the other lyrics of a more idyllic fancy; the whole volume is alive with a sense of consolation and reserve strength. There is a beautiful poem of childhood, recalling a nursery story, which the poet's mother used to tell, about a ship at sea, and a brave captain who did great things. Years have passed; the children have grown up; the mother is ill and lonely at home; but the old story reawakes to comfort them all with recollection:

"There is a ship still sails the deep,
And the crew is sad aboard;
The Captain, is he fast asleep?
Ah, could he speak the word,
To allay the pain, and make well again—
How kind were that accord!

"If he would wake, for an old-boy's sake,
And a mother's, that would be
A word, I think, that would heal her now,
As often she healed me;
And bring the song, though time be long,
Safe back across the sea."

Life, the poet seems to say, is full of these regrets and partings, these tears and lonely places; but the heart is equal to its fate; and when the hour comes to endure, the strength will fit the hour:

"When the hour is gone, and the leaf grown brown,
Its green delight over—far better be down!
Well if the wind come then, and deliver
The leaf to the earth or the sea-going river:
What should it do there, outliving its day?
Well if the wind come, and blow it away."

That is the true poet's heart, which knows its own bitterness, but refuses to waste in despair. The word of courage is the Word of Life.

The change in environment, which separates Mr. Rhys's latest book from his earlier poetry, is thoroughly characteristic of the modern movement, whose very essence is to seek poetic inspiration in apparently unideal surroundings, and to experiment in bold, crude metrical effects. The idyll seems to have exhausted itself for a while, and the next move is inevitably towards realism. Mr. John Presland, so far as material is concerned, is modern of the moderns. Deliberately and of free choice he adopts the London street as his theme, and the wayfarers of the gutter as his dramatis personæ:

"So be it; let the tide of men's affairs
Carry me back and forward; let the rub
Of greasy ha'pence passed from hand to hand,
In humble traffic of a bunch of herbs
Not pass me by; let me jog arm in arm,
Or cheek by jowl, the shady side o' the street,
With friends and neighbours, glad to know them there,
Imperfect, human, kind, and tolerant."

The experiment is abundantly justified; for Mr. Presland sees clearly, feels intensely, and is a master of picturesque description of the superficially unpicturesque. He attempts no metrical excesses. Holding to familiar harmonies, he imbues them with the spirit of modernity by the suggestion, elsewhere so perfectly achieved by Mr. J. C. Squire, that nothing human is really alien to the poet's art. Remembering dawns on immemorial hills, he yet finds the daybreak on a sea of London slates no less filled with mystery and message:

"And not more wonderful, nor otherwise
Shall dawn come up from the dewy hills,
Nor in the mountains, where the rivers rise
That water Eden; and no lovelier lies
The dawn on Paradise, than this that fills
The space 'twixt house and house with tremulous light.

"Yet, on the pavement, huddled fast asleep,
A thing of dusty, ragged misery,
Grotesque in wretchedness, from London's deep
Spumed off, a strange, distorted thing to creep
From God knows where, and lie, and let all be
Unheeding, whether of the day or night."

These "Poems of London" are packed with fine imagery, subtle suggestion, and a sense of that infallible humanity which underlies all human effort, wherever practised and perfected.

Mr. Eric S. Robertson's slim volume is particularly interesting, because an interval of over twenty years separates the earlier from the later work; and it is easy to notice a gradual change of method, corresponding to the prevailing growth of freedom in thought and liberty of style. Mr. Robertson prints his later poems first, and they are very suggestive. In manner they suggest the metaphysical

* "The Leaf Burners." By Ernest Rhys. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)—"Poems of London." By John Presland. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"From Alleys and Valleys." By Eric S. Robertson. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)—"Escape and Fantasy." By George Rostrevor. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"Oxford Poetry: 1918." 1s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)

school of the seventeenth century. They permit themselves considerable variety of pattern and a certain crudity of rhyme, in which dissonance and discord secure an effect which practically depends upon violence for its force:

"To the mill
Come, then, Pain!
Round again,
Come away, come away!
One more day,
Agony's wheel
Heaves its steel
Up to the rafter-heaven of bats,
Down to the rats
Lording the plashy through-gang of sorrow.

"But to-morrow, to-morrow!
Gag the wheel! Let it rust and drip, a-dream
In the Hell stream.
When all's done,
Out in the sun,
With the gust and the lark,
I will sing, Pain,
My gain,
The song that grew in the creaking dark
Of the mill."

The spirit of the volume is embodied in the opening "Carillon of Life." Life is a "malady," which is no less a "melody" (a characteristic discord!) to those who have the courage to endure. Out of doors there is toil and struggle; within are the consolations of the heart:

"Daughter's loved foot, on morning stairs,
Blithe to descend for household cares—
Still wistlier marked, while candle's light
Gilds innocent starward steps at night:

"The holiest beauty earth can trace,
Selflessness in the lady-face
White-crowned, meek-browed, with eyes that years
Have taught the light outlasting tears."

The spirit must escape from the ugliness of its surroundings into the peace of the well-attuned soul, and the essence of that peace is simplicity:

"Released, I dwell
Where sky and sea
Acknowledge Majesty;
Where, at the core
Of rebel wonder, harmonies lap man's mind;
Clean shadows spell
Light's reverie:
My weird I dree
'Mid litanied lore
Of Loveliness, sped Loveward on each wind."

This passion for escape is, in its way, an exact antithesis to that frank acceptance of the rugged ways which we have noted in Mr. Rhys and Mr. Presland, and in Mr. George Rostrevor it resolves itself into that sort of dreamy idyll from which poetry in general is now endeavouring to emancipate itself. Mr. Rostrevor is a confessed fantastic, haunted by gleams of beauty, but none the less completely emancipated from the world of action:

"Take thy fill
Of rest, rest,
O separate will—
Wayward, wayward, wayward will
Of each wild creature, take thy rest
Lulled on the breast
Of the cool dark hill.

"Very deep,
O baffled will,
Be thy sleep
On the sombre hill.
But heart of the world, awake, awake,
For Orpheus' sake!"

This was indeed the sort of vision which Oxford used to breed in its children, and the latest of Mr. Blackwell's volumes of contemporary Oxford verse catches something of the old echo and the old hope. The gem of the collection is undoubtedly Mr. Robert Nichols's pastoral of Polyphemus, where a wandering shepherd recites to his love that deathless story of disappointed dream. The picture of the desolate Polyphemus is particularly fine, studded with imagery and alive with beauty:

"He on an ocean pinnacle of rock
Sat, scowling, motionless. In truth he seemed
Rather a further buttress of the crag
Than a giant, helpless and unhappy being.
About his brooding bulk all day the birds,
The slippery swallow, the pois'd martin,
Lifted or swept a-scatter ev'n as when,
Chatting, such gad around the ravaged mien
Of the colossal Pharaoh or twin gods
Hawk-headed and immense of ancient Egypt.
Thus grieved he. And the huge begnarled hands
Pillared his jaw. A chillness gloomed his face
As on bare hills shadow of moveless cloud.
Nor spake he aught. But when the sun raged high
Grappling a rock he dashed it 'gainst his breast
And roared till the golden-green sea blackened
And spouting drove, loud with careering gulls,
Before his gusty breath; but, passion spent,
Dropping then pined, while from the single eye
One tear, as huge and hot as Phlegethon,
Fell in a hissing flood."

But even into Oxford the modern spirit has forced its way, and Miss Margaret Leigh's sonnet, "The Journalist," shows that, even if Oxford is empty of its young men, the "gentler sex" has not forgotten that gift of satire which used to be one of the sprightliest gifts of culture. It is a vigorous picture, true to the time:

"He called for blood, and would not shed his own,
He sat at ease, and sent young men to die
With his strong pen; he was the enemy
Stalking at noontide, by whose hand were sown
Rank tares among us—love of country grown
To poisonous cant, and blind hostility.
He forged a chain to lead the people by,
A chain of words, rattling with strident tone.
He battened on men's selfishness and fear,
He pulled the strings that shook their statesmen down;
The people were content to sit and hear
His platitudes, and tremble at his frown,
And followed him with meek attentive ear
Till His Mendacity assumed the crown."

Nothing could be more modern in atmosphere, and an equally modern sentiment animates Mr. H. C. Harwood's "Incompatibility," which is among the ripest products of the collection:

"There shall be no more sorrow and no more pain.
Go you to your anger and I to my books again.
You loved me, but never have liked me, the issue was plain,
Woman, if you be woman, you live too late,
Never the man was suckled to be your mate,
Wed with a god and break him in battle with fate.
You are truth, and the world is illusion; faith, it is doubt.
It wraps its disaster in darkness, and you shine out;
And the liquor that drugs to endurance is not for your drought.
Pass on to the waste and the fell! I stay, and forget
Your breasts and your hair and your laughter like suns that are set.
Despise me, forgive me, but leave me. I love you yet."

The general impression of these volumes is one of great alertness of mind, receptivity of impression, vigour of fancy, and variety of form. Poetry was never more alive in England than it is to-day; and the coming opportunities of peace should find the next few years full of high inspiration for the young and hopeful.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

POETS ALL.*

The title "Twelve Poets" given to the volume before me is a sufficient indication of its scope. It does not suggest any particular comradeship between the twelve writers, nor emphasise any peculiar community of ideas. Neither is it easy to perceive any common denominator of their numbers. This is not to imply that their inclusion between the covers of one book does not afford a vastly agreeable entertainment. As a fact it does, for the variety

* "Twelve Poets: A Miscellany of New Verse." 5s. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)—"Twenty-Four Poems." By William Kean Seymour. 1s. 6d. net. (Palmer & Hayward.)—"The Pedlar's Way." By Alicia Sheridan. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

of their gifts piques and sustains interest, and keeps a reader's attention more alert than does a volume written by a single hand. This miscellany of verse applies the principle of the music-hall to the song book. It is frankly a succession of turns. The names of a dozen performers are upon the programme. You work through the show from the first item to the last, or else—according to your individual taste—you start with the star turns. I will be quite open. I chose the latter course, and commenced with the contributions of Mr. Walter de la Mare and Mr. J. C. Squire.

Mr. de la Mare's poem is extremely characteristic and therefore the more exhilarating to a public which wisely prefers that an old favourite should appear in an accustomed rôle. The narrative is a modern version of the ancient story of the Three Wishes, and is none the worse for that, since the stock of original stories—small in the days of Adam—has long since been exhausted. "Sam's Three Wishes" is a delectable tale, with a delectable epilogue. It introduces many of its author's familiar properties, and is altogether an excellent specimen of his delightful humour.

Any regret we may feel that Mr. J. C. Squire failed to get elected to Parliament is tempered by the consoling reflection that he will have the more leisure to compose poems for our profit. There is no poet amongst us with greater possibilities than the author of "The Lily of Malud." A modern of the latest hour, an experimentalist in metre, an innovator in break and cadence and pause, he is yet sure of the sympathetic attention of the most orthodox, because these recognise that he has a sensitive ear, and that his audacities are not the result of ignorance or of fumbling. By far the most important of Mr. Squire's four contributions is the poem entitled "The Birds." Like others of the verses included in this anthology it has appeared before, although not in book form. Subject and treatment are alike arresting, and the poem must always count amongst its author's finest work.

Space will not permit me to appraise the entertainment item by item. It must suffice to say that pride of place is allotted fittingly to Edward Thomas, who found his talent so late and died for his country so early; and that a dignified elegy to the memory of his dead friend is provided by Mr. Vivian Ellis. I should also wish to draw special attention to the brilliant translations of Irish epigrams by Mr. Robin Flower; to the artless lyrics of Mr. W. H. Davies; to the quite other than artless lyrics of Mr. Hugh Fisher, and to the fine poem, "Clerks on Holiday," by Mr. W. J. Turner, which concludes the volume. From first to last this is a quite admirable miscellany.

With a very sure instinct, Mr. W. K. Seymour has set "The Shawl" in the forefront of his new book of verses entitled "Twenty-Four Poems." It is indeed the most charming poem in a collection which contains many delightful rivals, even though it includes no peer. This happy lyric seems an epitome of those qualities that make Mr. Seymour's two previous volumes so stimulating to the fitting reader. It exhibits the form and pressure of his lyrical gift, together with a richness of colour, and a technical accomplishment deserving of instant recognition. The touch of enforced humour at the close of "The Shawl" is a note not stressed in Mr. Seymour's earlier books, although strikingly evidenced in his contributions to periodical literature. The poem itself may be said in a sense to derive through Flecker from Keats, but the choice of masters so careful to load every rift of their subject with ore should be counted to a young poet of to-day for righteousness.

The reverent study of great models is apparent in the best of his "Twenty-Four Poems." The flavour of a fine vintage must be appreciated by any educated palate. There is no imitation whatever, but rather a delicate assimilation of qualities. The eerie imagination of "Casualty" not only reminds the reviewer that Mr. Seymour is a private in the Royal Air Force, but also that he is a student of Coleridge. "The Poppy" carries a faint but pleasant suggestion of the poem by Francis Thompson similarly named; whilst "The Ambush"—beautifully realised and expressed—has much of the haunting significance we associate with Christina Rossetti.

Of course, Mr. Seymour is not always on these heights. Like most young writers he includes too much, and so risks being judged on inferior work, rather than by his best. But from his three published books a delightful garner could be stored, for—winnowed of that which is not his finest grain—his verses should be of concern to all lovers of poetry.

Miss Alicia Sheridan in "The Pedlar's Way" proves herself the fortunate possessor of a lyrical faculty, simple, unobtrusive and sincere. The losses and crosses of the war obviously have left their marks upon her, but the emotions of her heart are hidden behind doors of reticence and expressed with a fine reserve. Miss Sheridan's lot has carried her from Ireland to distant places—to the near and far East, Sicily and Cochin and Madras. It is interesting to note with what dramatic fitness her lyrics take colour from their surroundings. Yet, ardent as her Eastern verses may be, I cannot but prefer the quiet and tenderness of those dealing with her home. The familiar landscape, the bogs and glens, the pixies and elves, inspire her most delightful poems; for in India she was but a wistful exile, whilst in Ireland she is at Home.

EUGENE MASON.

OUR LITERARY LEGACY.*

There are many ways of approach open to the historian of English literature. If we view the subject from a critical aerie, every channel and tributary conveys something of value, in a higher or lesser degree, to the main stream. From the biographical standpoint, the lives of our authors afford the compiler ample opportunity for the study of temperament. Histories of English literature in these two kinds abound, and, in some cases, the history has been grouped into ten or twelve volumes, each dealing with a prescribed age or period. It has been left to Mr. Arthur Compton-Rickett to cover the same ground as his predecessors, but from a quite different viewpoint. Casting aside the purely academic attitude we associate with so many of the histories, Mr. Compton-Rickett essays the task of enlivening many of the duller periods of English literature by picturing in concise, elegant form the social background and environment that influenced the growth of our literature, or that were, in their turn, influenced by the dominant national expression that has kindled the minds and found outlet through the powers of the poets and prosemen of the successive ages.

As joint-author of "The Life and Letters of Watts-Dunton" and author of a small "History of English Literature," Mr. Compton-Rickett has already work that stands to his credit, and we are therefore in a position to expect great things from him. To say that he disappoints us would be to undervalue a work of magnitude, produced with considerable concentrative and sustained powers. To write in an attractive way a History of English Literature from Anglo-Saxon times to Chesterton is no small achievement. Of course, there was never yet a work of this nature that could not be ransacked for faults, foibles, and prejudices, and it would have been absurd to expect the present book to be entirely free of them.

This work, like some of its forerunners, suffers from compression. Within the space of about 700 pages the author has managed to outline the pageant of English literary history, but the proportion of the sections is sometimes at variance with the significance of the work or author dealt with. It is surely curious to devote eleven pages to Tennyson and to assign only five pages to Scott. Milton, too, might have received fuller treatment than is given him.

* "A History of English Literature." By Arthur Compton-Rickett, M.A., LL.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

XUM

Some persons, like the present writer, may take exception to the half-hearted estimate of Thackeray. Again, the author has nothing really very new to say in this survey unless it be in the latter portion dealing with present-day tendencies, and even there one's heart sinks to find the author dismiss Conrad, so far perhaps our greatest twentieth-century novelist, with a mere passing reference. The excuse given for this, that Conrad's genius is not representative enough of the present generation, is by no means a sufficient one. There might have been a better selection of quotations from Swinburne and Meredith. For those who enjoy the chaff of literature rather than its grain, the omission of Mr. Hall Caine must be a grievous fault, but then it is more than likely these persons will never wish to consult this book, so that either we may be asking too much of Mr. Compton-Rickett or else we are over-estimating his appeal to the reading public. We have come across one or two errors of taste, where the author refers to " the *saccharine* joys of romanticism " and " the graceful *saccharine* sentiment of Sir Edwin Arnold," and when he writes that Dickens could " mix his *sermonic powders* in such excellent jam." After all, it is doubtful, however well done it may be, whether the emphasis given to the social background can be considered a true method of treatment. It has the advantage of arousing interest in the life and times of the authors, but, at the same time, it leads the mind away from a true historical perspective of the literature itself, its birth, growth, rise and development, to the contributory influences and side issues that went to its making. In order to insure accuracy in future editions, it is only right to draw the author's attention to two misprints, both of which are in quotations. On page 311 Wordsworth's line, " The sleep that is among the *lowly* hills " should read—" The sleep that is among the *lonely* hills," while on page 413 Tennyson's line should read, " More black than ash buds in the *front* of March," not, as it stands, " the *frost* of March."

In spite of these shortcomings, the comprehensive, all-embracing outlook is unmistakable in this book. No wish to praise unduly and insincerely prompts us to state that the dawn at the beginning of English literature has never been less dryly described, so freshly set forth, as in these pages. The times of Chaucer and Shakespeare are excellently done, and brought home to us vividly. Special mention should be made of the sections so adequately devoted to The Poetry of Childhood and to Light Verse and Parody, kinds of verse that receive scant justice in most literary histories. On many points of criticism, Mr. Compton-Rickett proves himself a sound scholar and, on the whole, a reliable æsthetic judge. He can be richly suggestive as in this criticism of John Donne: " In many ways it is not unfair to summarise Donne's remarkable genius by saying that he was an Elizabethan Browning, and placed beside Spenser, the two poets shine somewhat in the same fashion as Tennyson and Browning did in the Victorian age." His eye for happy construction is shown to advantage when he fitly apportions Browning's development as a writer into four periods. Two of the best things in the book are the balanced criticisms of Bridges' poetry and Wilde's work. Even in their highest moments his appreciations are shorn of extravagant praise. One hesitates whether to admire the more Mr. Compton-Rickett's intrepid industry as compiler or his keen acumen as critic, while as a narrator he is entitled to honourable mention. His style is invested with Pre-Raphaelite colour and detail. However, it is more particularly for its exhibiting the gift of clear historical narrative in relating the story of English literature that one would finally award an especial place for this work by Mr. Compton-Rickett. I was about to write Competent Rickett, instead of Compton-Rickett, and the mistake would not have been without point as an indication of how successfully the elements of the subject have been welded together by this fully-qualified literary historian. Enhanced by a full index, without which such a work would be open to be discredited at once, this is a worthy reference book and a timely reminder for us of the amazing wealth of our literary legacy.

W. M. PARKER.

THE SHIRRA.*

For thirty-three years Sir Walter was familiarly spoken of as " the Shirra." Comparatively little has been said about his work in that capacity. To his successor in office (a triple sheriffdom it is to-day) we are indebted for the full story of a judgeship which must always be interesting from the fact that Scott occupied it during the greater part of his working life. To be known as the Laird of Abbotsford was a source of great gratification to Scott. He prized that appellation perhaps more than the distinction won by his baronetcy. To be called the " Shirra " was the acme of respect and reverence.

As early as his twenty-ninth year Scott was installed Sheriff of Selkirkshire, in his own romantic country, the Scottish Border. Valleys so besung as the Ettrick and Yarrow and the " ever-dear Tweed " lay within the sphere of his judicial operations. Selkirk was the county town, and the venue of the Sheriff Court.

It is curious to note that most of Scott's work was done at home. At Edinburgh, at Ashestiel, or Abbotsford, or wherever he chanced to be, he read through the processes which were sent to him. He penned his deliverances in his own clear, firm handwriting, " with never a correction and scarcely ever a clerical error." They were then dispatched to Selkirk where a resident Sheriff-Substitute finally disposed of them. But Scott was not always an absentee judge. He attended the Court when it was necessary for him to take evidence, or hear debates, or preside at criminal trials. And he spent many hours inspecting ground which was in dispute. So that the post was not the sinecure some people have supposed.

For almost a century these judgments of the " Shirra " have been buried amongst the dusty muniments of his old Court-room. They have been unearthed—to the number of one hundred and fourteen—and are here carefully tabulated and reduced to a readable analysis by Sheriff Chisholm. We are thus privileged to observe the mind of a romancist at work in the rôle of experimental lawyer, and to pass criticism on the adjudications of a poet in such unpoetical matters as the courtesies of a toll-bar or the right to cast feal and divot from the Town Common.

For the outside world, however, there is nothing of importance in any of the cases. They are concerned chiefly with the everyday life of the Lowland peasantry, and consist, for the most part, of petty disputes between landlord and tenant, master and servant, tradesman and customer, seller and buyer, between adjoining proprietors, and so forth. Serious criminal causes, being outside a sheriff's jurisdiction, were dealt with at the Circuit Court, or at the High Court in Edinburgh, of which Scott was one of the Clerks. In his own Court he was called to decide infinitely smaller issues. Of the major proportion it may be said that they ought never to have come before any Court at all. Even Scott wrote in his " Journal," " I try to check it as well as I can, but so 'twill be when I am gone." The litigious spirit of his race is *raison d'être* for the Sheriff-Courts themselves.

That the man of letters was never lost in the man of law even a casual examination of these quaint and sometimes whimsical pages assures us. There is good evidence that Scott, as the novelist, was taking ample stock of things, " making himself " hardly less as the full-fledged Sheriff than when as a callow advocate he explored the Liddesdale recesses with his friend Shortreed. In the course of his judicial work he must often have encountered the " Dandie Dinmonts " and the " Peter Peebles's " of actual life. That eternal bone of contention, for instance—" the auld marches "—occurred more than once in the Selkirk Court. It was over scores of such wretched trivialities that Scott was forced to issue his interlocutors. The picture of Walter Scott sitting in judgment on wranglings begun in spleen and carried on from obstinacy has been compared to the employment of a Nasmyth hammer for

* " Sir Walter Scott as a Judge." By John Chisholm, K.C., Sheriff of Roxburgh, Berwick and Selkirk. 7s. 6d. (Edinburgh: Green & Son.)

cracking filberts. But no matter the paltriness of the case, the ever-conscientious "Shirra" gave it a most painstaking attention, and formulated his decision with as much consideration as though far vaster consequences were involved. Justice and right were the only determining elements, and all the "Shirra's" soul was set on fair play for every plea that came under his notice.

All this, be it remembered, went on concurrently with that superlative record of literary activity whereat the whole world has wondered. Scott may not have been a profound lawyer. He had a truly legal mind, for all that. And if one were left to judge from his decisions as a sheriff alone, the impression received would be, as Mr. Chisholm says, that the man who pronounced them was a judge and a lawyer in the first place, and not that they were but an insignificantly small and heterogeneous part of his intellectual output.

To the lover of Scott as "King ot the Romantics," this volume is a resurrection which was worth achieving. Echoes of the "Minstrelsy" and of the Waverleys are heard here and there. Charles Erskine, who was Scott's Sheriff-Substitute, probably sat for the portrait of "Sheriff-Substitute MacMorlan" in "Guy Mannering," "a man of intelligence and probity." A note out of ancient ballad lore seems to sound in an interlocutor in which the "Shirra" appoints parties to meet him at Penmanscore to perambulate the marches:

> "He bids ye meet him at Penmanscore,
> And bring four in your company."

Another perambulation in 1813 may well have suggested Dinmont's description in "Guy Mannering," not many months later, oi the dispute as to the marches between himself and Jock o' Dawston Cleugh:

> "Ye see we march on the tap o' Touthop-rigg after we pass the Pomoragrains: for the Pomoragrains, and Slackenspool and Bloodylaws, they come in there, and they belang to the Peel; but after ye pass Pomoragrains at a muckle great saucer-headed cut-lugged stane that they ca' Charlies Chuckie, there Dawston Cleugh and Charlies-hope they march. Now, I say, the march rins on the tap o' the hill where the wind and water shears; but Jock o' Dawston Cleugh again, he contravenes that, and says that it hauds down by the auld drove-road that gaes awa by the Knot-o'-the-Gate ower to Keeldar-ward; and that maks an unco difference."

W. S. CROCKETT.

R. L. S., ANOTHER WRITER, AND THE WAR.*

"My dear Mr. Hammerton (there goes the second M: it is a certainty)." Thus writes R. L. S. in a letter dated 1881, to be found in "Letters to His Family and Friends." Was it with an eye to the future—with the second sight which some Scots possess—that Stevenson thus insisted on two M's in Hammerton? Did he cryptically address his letter to P. G. Hamerton, intending it all the time for a future disciple, then a captious, critical young journalist engaged, Saul of Tarsus like, in stoning the literary prophets but thereafter to become a Stevensonian St. Paul, whose mission was to preach the Gospel according to Louis, wherever he went?

I call attention to the coincidence and to Stevenson's insistence that he could recognise only those who spelt the name with two M's as true Hammertons, and in the artistic succession; firstly because the Stevenson lover's comment, on reading Mr. J. A. Hammerton's "Wrack of War" is likely to be, "How R. L. S. would have appreciated this!" secondly because the only long article—all too short for most ot us—is entitled: "With R. L. S. in the Land of War"; and lastly because the work has the qualities which Stevenson most valued. The sentences are finely cut and finely balanced. They have cadence, quiet strength, music, and much beauty of imagery.

Open the book, and you read (Mr. Hammerton is writing of the faces he has seen in France):

> "Strong weather-worn faces, exhaling character and resignation, eyes of every hue, from the merry blue of the English yeoman to the mystic darkness of the Celt, *like mountain tarns of his far Highlands, gleaming coldly in the infrequent sun.*"

Again:

> "The thud of the soldiers' heavy boots resounds along the wooden platform, *as the files of fate go slowly past.*"

Yet again:

> "In the main there is little of beauty in these lumpish figures, grotesque in greatcoats and jutting accoutrements, *whose colour note is the dust to which we must all return.*"

Or:

> "Here and there the *horizon blue* of some French officer."

The italics are mine, but all these extracts are from the first chapter only. I could quote scores of fine passages and swiftly flashing metaphors that remind us of Stevenson, had I gone further afield.

To say of a book that it has blue blood in its veins may seem a queer figure of speech. But a book is not called suddenly into being by its author, as, let us say, Adam was by his Creator. Books have for the most part a long line of forbears; conception and gestation preceded birth Sometimes it is possible to say of a book that it was begotten by another book in the brain of a writer; sometimes the book's ancestry is uncertain. Of "Wrack of War" one may, however, say that, were there such a work as a "Debrett" or a "Burke" of books—it would be there, not in such an *Omnium Gatherum* as, say, a "Who's Who" of books, that "Wrack of War" would have place.

Just as distinction counts more than mere good looks in man or woman, so about "Wrack of War" there is the quiet, confident manner of one who carries himself easily because he is sure of himself, knows his social status and

"The Man who Wept."
From "Wrack ot War," by J. A. Hammerton (John Murray).

* "Wrack of War." By J. A. Hammerton. Illustrated. 6s. net. (John Murray.)

his strength. Some very able war books are less convincing than they might have been because they "shout" at us. This book never raises its voice, never disturbs as it were the easy level of life, but I shall be surprised if it do not leave a deeper and more abiding impression upon the reader for that very reason.

In a sense, a reviewer has—among other parts—to play fielder to the batting bookman at the wicket. Your fielder may clap his hands together to cry, "Well played, sir!" or on occasion and if he can, may clap the same hands together to catch the batsman out. As a cricketer Mr. Hammerton affords the field few chances. He writes: "Enough can be told to interest and to encourage the reader to believe, as I would have him believe." My point is that the word "to," being the sign of the infinitive mood, cannot accurately be omitted and so I ask "How's that, Umpire?" at least of Mr. Hammerton's "have him believe." The answer will probably be that "usage entitles the author to the decision, Not out." I pass on to ask why the sentence on page 158 should not read: "A whole volume could be devoted to the marvellous organisation of this labour, and will doubtless yet be written," instead of "and such will doubtless be written," as the author words it. He means of course, "such a volume," but if he omit "volume," he might equally omit "such," which is not necessary, is not a noun, and is an ugly word as a nominative.

On page 171 we read: "Nature . . . is even kind to her children that shatter each other with high explosives. She dulls their senses in the shock, and the force that breaks their poor bodies applies an anodyne from Nature's laboratory."

I prefer "who shatters," especially as the word "that" is in the next sentence. Also does not one use "anodyne" in the sense of allaying pain? In the case of bodies shattered by high explosives, anæsthetic would surely be the better word?

Mr. Hammerton observes (p. 170): "Painlessly were we born, and painlessly do we die." I hope he is right on each count, but I remember a sentence by a well-known writer who had studied both pathology and psychology, which ran: "A child suffers in being born, and is there no pain in the birth of a soul?" I do not contradict Mr. Hammerton, I merely raise the question for his consideration.

With the exception of "the blonde beast," of which one tires, he uses no stereotyped phrase or word. Many of his effects he obtains by contrast, others by an entirely original, sometimes fanciful, but always fascinating line of thought. At another time he holds the reader by some singularly applicable but unhackneyed quotation, as when referring to the ruins of Messina:

> "... an earthquake smacked its mumbling lips
> O'er some thick peopled city."

When I saw his book announced, I wondered at his daring. Never, remembering the restrictions placed upon them by the censor and the soldier, have war correspondents drawn more wonderful pictures for us than during the great war. Some of these correspondents had military knowledge scarcely inferior to that of the soldiers. When Mr. Hammerton went out, I take it that he had practically none. As an ex-Territorial Officer who has spent some time in studying military history as well as the textbooks, and has lived awhile in camp and barracks, it is possible that I should be as quick to detect what is amiss in "the angle of error," as the reviewer who confesses to no interest in or knowledge of these matters. From first to last I find no slip in Mr. Hammerton's book. Not that he makes the least claim to special knowledge, other than that of an observer on the spot. Nor, and wisely, does he attempt competition with the war correspondents. Where they "filmed," as it were, life at the front, that we might see it as realistically as they saw it, Mr. Hammerton has given us little idylls of the great war which etch themselves deeply and enduringly upon the memory of the reader. Some of these idylls, "The East in the West," "Devastation and Some Emotions," "Sacred Ruins and Hill Sinister," seem to me perfect of their sort, and are war memorials of permanent worth. Mr. Hammerton has genius for selecting only what has symbolism and saliency, and for presenting it with passionless aloofness and restraint which stir one all the more strongly and strangely because of the seeming calm with which he writes. In a word, "Wrack of War" is Literature.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE BIBLE AND FOLK-LORE.*

In approaching a new and monumental work of Sir James Frazer, there are two features which might well be passed over without reference thereto, save indeed for one's personal satisfaction. The first and most inevitable is the learning which has been brought to the task, exhaustive in respect of his subject and suggestive—as it seems to one—of an almost inexhaustible store which still remains over. We think for a moment of the twelve volumes comprised by "The Golden Bough," of the treatise on "Totemism and Exogamy," the "Early History of the Kingship," of "Psyche's Task," and remember that yet other fresh materials await our exploration when "The Belief in Immortality" is completed, we shall, I think, surrender any feeling that the writer's term of research is reached. On the contrary, growing hardened by wonders, we may anticipate that the force of his knowledge and untiring power of production will go yet further. There are always "fresh woods and pastures," but it is only for the immortals to go on always and find them. The second feature is Sir James Frazer's rare and beautiful quality of candour, combined with modesty. There is plenty of candour in the world of learning, and there are various kinds of modesty displayed by writers of authority, but I have not met with them too often in the grace and comeliness with which they are invested here, surprising one unawares continually, and putting difference at a sudden disadvantage—at times when it is most serious. But there is also the innate reverential sense which is present in all the studies that have come under my personal notice; it may be only a literary sense, but it suggests to me a native attraction towards the good and ideal truth. It led him some time since to make and to publish an admirable selection of passages from the Bible, "chosen for their literary beauty and interest"; and it has led him on the present occasion through the compilation of seventeen hundred pages, full of perilous material for "ordinary believers," without, I think, once using any form of expression which could reasonably offend the most delicate sensibilities. Such books are a silent lesson to several somewhat blatant workers in the same fields.

And now as to the subject before us, we need of course a definition of folk-lore, and it is ready to our purpose at once—as the whole body of "traditionary beliefs and customs." It might appear, therefore, for a moment, that on the hypothesis of what is called revelation, folk-lore would embrace this; but "the individual influence of great men" is immediately excepted, and an "inspired messenger" would be included by this category. I am doubtless constructing the definition from my own standpoint, it being inconceivable to me that the way of escape taught by Buddha or the vital elements in the great Vedic religion can belong to folk-lore, any more than the experiments set down by pseudo-Dionysius in the tract on "Mystical Theology," any more than the teaching of Christ on the necessity of inward regeneration. On the last point more remains to be said, as we shall see in its place, and shortly.

There is made, as it seems to me, in this manner a

* "Folk-Lore in the Old Testament: Studies in Comparative Religion, Legend and Law." By Sir James George Frazer. 3 vols. 37s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

considerable clearance of issues about Sir James Frazer's field, and we shall be enabled to see in proceeding how his great work, excellent and enlightening as it is, can be classed only as *nihil ad rem* in the real matter of religion. There is no question that the Old Testament contains "rudimentary survivals" of the folk-lore kind; their absence would be astonishing and unnatural. There is no question, in like manner, that Christianity at its formative period absorbed customs and practices of the pagan world: it was almost inevitable that it should. But the "higher side of the Hebrew genius," its spiritual religion and pure morality, are unaffected by "the lower side of ancient Hebrew life"; while that which is from everlasting to everlasting in the Christ-message emerges also untouched. The era of Scribes and Pharisees was a far worse ordeal for Jewish monotheism than a certain persistence of ruder modes of myth, and a handful of superstitions surviving from a savage period. So also the spirit of this world and of the prince in whom Christ has not anything is another and more fatal presence in the Christian sanctuaries than the occasional transformation of some old cultus into new forms and observances. It seems to me, therefore, that the life of Old Testament religion is one thing, and that the relics of myth and folk-lore foreign thereto, but "preserved like fossils" therein, are another, and that "the illustration and explanation" of the relics to which Sir James Frazer has addressed himself are without prejudice throughout to any part or feature of the spiritual life. It might be undertaken by any one with equal learning and genius, he cleaving in all sincerity to the Church of England as by law established, or fulfilling his Easter duties under the obedience of the Latin Rite. For all that I know to the contrary, these facts, which are—as it were—a discovery for myself, may be recognised so fully by the author, and lie so clearly within his intention that he may have expected their tacit recognition rather than that they should be set forth at length.

Let us attempt now a few references to the long sequence of subjects, and observe the indefatigable patience with which each has been followed out in almost every possible direction. (1) After comparing the "priestly" and "Jehovistic" accounts of the creation of man in "Genesis" with their most approximate parallels in Ancient Egypt and Babylon, it may be said almost that the whole world of myth and legend is swept, not merely in search of further analogies, but of all accounts whatever. The quest in reality is for the collection and comparison of creation and evolutionary accounts, and the digest is most valuable. (2) The Hebrew story of a great flood is treated after the same exhaustive manner, and not less important than its traditional correspondences—wheresoever met with—are the notes on their geographical diffusion, and their absence in certain parts of Asia, as also in Africa. (3) In connection with the kinship of Jacob there is a study of the law of primogeniture in its contrast with ultimogeniture—the eldest and the youngest son—which offers, as it seems to me, a singularly brilliant instruction, and it bristles with new facts. (4) Again there is Jacob's marriage, which raises the question of marital union with cousins, and "the harmony of Biblical tradition with popular custom." It is followed through two hundred pages into India, Burma, China, Africa, America, Australia, and elsewhere, while there is a valuable and informing study of the distinction between cross and ortho-cousins.

These are some main features, and here are a few points of subsidiary interest. (1) There were three official Keepers of the Threshold in the Temple at Jerusalem, and "superstitions of the threshold" are tracked through Syria, China, Turkey, India, Persia, Java, even to Scotland. (2) A passage in a psalm suggests that swallows built nests about the Altar in the Temple of God, and the bird as a denizen of sanctuaries is traced in Athens and Hieropolis. (3) Elijah was fed by a raven, and we have a monograph on ravens in Scripture—in Palestine, America and Rome. (4) A long study of sacred oaks and terebinths is exhaustive so far as scripture is concerned, and we are reminded that "the Jewish nation came to an end," in the days of Hadrian, "on the very spot where it was traditionally said to have been founded by Abraham"—at the sacred oak or terebinth of Mamre. (5) A chapter on high places in Israel offers an example of the author's best and most reverent manner; the subject is followed through modern Palestine, Africa, India and Borneo. (6) The parable of Jonah and the whale is paralleled curiously by a folk-tale of New Guinea. (7) The ordinance that a homicidal ox should be stoned to death is appalling to modern ears, but it gives an opportunity for a pleasant and diverting paper on mediæval and later proceedings-at-law against rats, mice, flies, caterpillars and domestic animals.

On the other hand, a somewhat tentative explanation concerning the Fall of Man is unconvincing, at least to myself. The Biblical parable is of course "an explanation of the origin of death." A hypothesis, however, that the Creator—according to some mother-myth—intended to confer immortality on man by means of the Tree of Life, but was cheated by the serpent, which designed to confer it on serpents, appears unserious, and the parallel from the Gilgamesh epic, "far more ancient than Genesis," is concerned with a plant and not a fruit-bearing tree. There is also the story of Jacob and the kidskins, by which the birthright of Esau was made void. It is suggested that the account may embody an abridged form of an ancient rite of the New Birth from an animal.

Many examples of this strange ceremonial are given; but it seems to me that the intent of the scriptural narrative is on its simple surface, and that the learned explanation encumbers it. There are also rites of Adoption which simulate the coming forth of a child from its mother's womb, and these are cited at length. I do not need to say that no analogy is instituted with the inward and spiritual regeneration on which Christ insisted, firstly, because this symbolism is foreign to the Old Testament and, secondly, because Sir James Frazer suggests nowhere in these volumes that purely spiritual experiences are to be explained by myth, or indeed that the moral elevation of the Jewish scriptures has root therein. Once more it seems to me that the experience of Jacob at Bethel is very little helped or illustrated in a true sense by the recitals which follow concerning dreams of the gods, tales of heavenly ladders and sacred stones. Perhaps, from one point of view, the more ladders going up into heaven the better; the more angels or gods descending and ascending, the better also; communion between earth and heaven cannot be over-symbolised. But the folk-tales of Africa, Madagascar and Russia are tales of faërie rather than spiritual tales.

To make an end of these pleadings, I do not think that we need commentators on Genesis to tell us why Jacob burst into tears on meeting his cousin Rachel, nor do we need a most erudite folk-lore scholar to furnish us with other instances from all the wide world over. The key of such things is in the heart rather than the head. But if one needs to go further, there is the great *Sepher Ha Zohar*, which I understand better, as a symbolist, when it says that the meeting of Jacob and Rachel is the world above kissing the world below. To the author of "The Golden Bough" this may spell nothing that he can receive, and yet—for the mystic—an ineffable intercourse subsists between heaven and earth.

To conclude, those who regard the Old Testament as the inspired work of God will read these memorable volumes without finding anything to shake or vary their belief. Those who regard the scriptures as a memorial of the growth of religious belief in a nation which stood alone among nations will find the development illustrated by innumerable side-lights.

Finally, a mystic like myself—who holds that the vital importance of old religious records is in that which they are capable of showing forth concerning the light of the soul in man—welcomes the contribution as a real aid to knowledge, enabling him to discern in the by-ways the glimmer of those same lights which shine elsewhere more brightly.

A. E. WAITE.

XUM

THE ART OF FRANK BRANGWYN.*

We are all tired of the party system in politics, but not more tired, perhaps, than we are of the party system in Art. It is common for the critic or expert who has learned to admire one great artist or group of artists to feel it necessary to found a cult and justify his admiration by opposing and condemning the ideals and methods of other artists or groups that do not appeal to him. All such contention is barren and rarely proves anything except that the taste of the critic is exclusive, and his sympathies not without limit. There is something of beauty and good craftsmanship even in the work of Alma Tadema and Leighton and, since their neat conventionalities have delighted multitudes who are not drawn to Michelangelo or Tintoretto, we may well be thankful that they lived to give pleasure to so many, and be a little humble in the presence of powers that are, at all events, greater than our own.

Without being quite so all-embracing as this, Mr. Shaw Sparrow is too reasonable, too wisely human to waste much space over ideas of beauty and forms of art that are no joy to him. His concern is with Frank Brangwyn; he devotes the nearly three hundred large pages of this handsomely produced volume to an enthusiastic but shrewdly critical study of the various phases of Brangwyn's art, and his judgments are amply supported by the selection from Brangwyn's paintings, etchings, sketches and drawings that are reproduced, in colour and black-and-white, between its covers.

The things that first affect you in these pictures of Brangwyn's are their freshness and breadth of imagination, their individuality and extraordinary vigour of style; there is no daintiness, no prettiness; their beauty is, in the main, the beauty of elemental force, of healthful, strenuous life, of rough, masculine strength. If, as Sir Frederick Wedmore has said disparagingly, it is the sort of beauty that leaps to the eye, it shares that quality with the glory of sunrise and sunset, the might and splendour of the sea, the aggressive magnificence of storm and earthquake, and eclipse. The oak is not less beautiful than the violet, the lion than the butterfly, the vast warehouse than the ivied country cottage; moreover, their beauty does not leap so readily to the eye till it is interpreted by such genius as Brangwyn's. At times he reveals so much of grandeur in what passes current for ugliness, such bizarre beauty in what we had turned from as sordid and grossly material, that to look at some of his pictures of ordinary life and industry rather shakes one's faith in the dogma that commerce and industrialism have in many places laid waste the loveliness of nature, and raised on the ruins nothing but scenes of squalor and unsightliness.

To say that Brangwyn has been influenced by Rembrandt and Legros is to say only that, as an artist, he is not a freak with no ancestry. Whether he handles again such age-old themes as the Nativity or the Crucifixion, or such matters of to-day as his "Iron Workers," "Stone Masons at Work" or the "Return from Work in a Shipyard," he is always, in thought and feeling and manner, essentially himself and essentially modern. This sumptuous book and Mr. Shaw Sparrow's exhaustive, critical appreciation, fine as they are, are yet not so much worthy of him as he is of them.

REGRETS AND APPREHENSIONS.†

Mr. Masefield's new volume provokes melancholy thoughts. The poem "Rosas" is a very bad poem, telling a story in which one's interest is feeble, and in the telling sagging between the rhetorical and the stark. It cannot have been by mere accident that in other books Mr. Masefield has achieved and sustained beauty—in 'Biography" of one kind and in considerable passages of "Dauber" of another kind; surely there has gone to that achievement not simply the breath of imagination, but the intellectual and constructive effort without which no narrative and no reflective lyric can be brought to life. Is it then by mere accident that he has written in "Rosas" a poem from which imagination is absent and of which the shapeless body is dead?

Rosas is the child of an Argentine lord, damned into life and possessing such wildness that "even as a child men were afraid of him," and a "poor old loon," seeing him at a fair and shrinking in horror, foretells that:

> "This bright child is fated to such crime
> As will make mark a bloody smear on Time."

Happily the father dies soon after this prophecy, and Rosas escapes from his mother's control, "to daunt wild horses for his livelihood." He becomes leader of a crew of wild Gauchos, and "knew death as the bloody pay of all mistakes." A natural king of men, he masters horses as easily as men, and can "beat the unbacked stallion from his mare." Then the hour strikes, and he is invited to quell the state's internecine strife which the Whites and Reds have prolonged almost as successfully as Kilkenny cats; and when he consents upon terms of unquestioning submission, he renews the slaughter of Whites and Reds indiscriminately until each party is cowed. So is South American Bolshevism cured by its own medicine:

> "So Rosas came to power. Soon his hold
> Gripped the whole land as though it were a horse.
> Church, Money, Law, all yielded. He controlled
> That land's wild passions with his wilder force.
> And through their tears men heard from time to time
> His slaves at worship of his clever crime. . . .
>
> "Death was his god, his sword, his creed of power,
> Death was his pleasure, for he took delight
> To make his wife and daughter shrink and cower
> By tales of murder wreaked on Red or White,
> And while these women trembled and turned pale,
> He shrieked with laughter at the witty tale."

One man alone, the Bishop's chaplain, Lawrence (called Lorenzo when the line demands it), sickens because of the Church's shame; and in his sickness he yields to secret love for Camilla O'Gorman. Threatened with marriage to another, Camilla flies with the Chaplain (faint Keatsean echoes drift across these poor stanzas of the new Lorenzo), and somewhere in the West they teach a little school. The press of a neighbouring South American State raises an agitation against this monstrous immorality, the agitation spreads to many lands untouched by the reports of mere murders and oppressions, and Lord Rosas, "foaming with rage," plots the ruin of the unlucky pair. The plot succeeds:

> "Then hand in hand they faced the firing squad
> Who shot them dead into their waiting graves.
> Love for each other was all the wealth they had,
> Love that atones, the steady star that saves,
> Love that, when shattering bullets broke them blind,
> Lit them a path and linked them mind to mind."

Excess brings retribution. Thousands upon thousands of men, hitherto enduring habitual cruelties, exiled themselves from the land in order to avenge the lovers' death. Rosas is defeated, flees to England and dies there; and the poem concludes with the loving toil of soldiers who, when they are not drilling, are training roses over the graves of Lorenzo and Camilla. Unless Mr. Masefield disavows the authorship of the poem I do not see that any feeling can survive the reading of "Rosas" but one of astonished regret. The conception is vapid, the verse slack, and beyond a repeated regret there is nothing more to say about either.

Happily the slight plays (dated 1906 and 1905) are in prose and are better. "The Locked Chest" is based upon an episode in the Laxdale Saga, a vigorous episode of which Mr. Masefield has seen clearly the dramatic possibilities. It is unfortunate that he has adopted a colloquial style which removes the subject effectually enough from all traditional and heroic associations. For instance: "Let me give you a nip of brandy," says Vigdis; and her husband answers, "Brandy? with a headache? You know brandy nearly kills me. Now do for Heaven's sake leave

* "Prints and Drawings by Frank Brangwyn; With Some Other Phases of His Art." By W. Shaw Sparrow. With 50 plates and other illustrations. £2 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

† "A Poem and Two Plays." By John Masefield. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

PELMANISM IN 1925.

BY A BUSINESS MANAGER.

In the Pelman lesson dealing with Imagination and how to turn it to account occurs the following sentence: "It is by the power of Imagination that we are enabled to picture what might be." After re-reading this during one of my periodic reviews of the Course, it flashed across my mind that it would be interesting to attempt to visualise what Pelmanism might be in 1925.

So rapid has been its progress during the war that one can do no more than speculate on what will be the exact position of Pelmanism a few years hence, though it is fairly easy to foresee some of the results of the spread of this System of mind and memory training.

A SHORT REVIEW.

Let me remind readers quite briefly of one or two facts concerning Pelmanism. A quarter of a century ago it was unknown For years its advance was slow—it was too new for most people. They scoffed at the idea of mind training; said it couldn't be done. But its founder, Mr W. J. Ennever, and those associated with him, lacked neither courage nor hope. Sooner or later, Pelmanism would earn the recognition which was its due; of that they were confident. During the three or four years immediately preceding the war, Pelmanism was just coming into its own. It remained for the war, however, to work that change in our mental outlook which has given Pelmanism its real opportunity. In the fifty-one months since August, 1914, as many people adopted Pelmanism as during the previous twenty years, while since the armistice was signed I am told that the daily enrolments have been greater than ever, and that the half-million total in the membership of the Institute is now within sight

MILLIONS OF PELMANISTS.

In my mind's eye I see Pelmanism making inevitably greater and greater headway each year until, in 1925, its adherents are numbered by millions, even if no move has been made in the meanwhile to nationalise the study, as has been repeatedly suggested in many quarters. But I cannot imagine five years—and five of the most fateful years in the history of the British Empire—passing before some definite step is taken by Parliament toward making Pelmanism a part of our national education.

A MINISTRY OF PELMANISM.

Thus my imagination pictures the establishment of a Ministry of Pelmanism, working in close harmony with the Ministries of Education, Labour, Overseas Trade, and other Departments of the Government. Pelmanism will then occupy a prominent position in the curriculum of our elementary, secondary, and public schools, while every teacher will be a qualified exponent of its principles and their application, not only to the study of other subjects, but also to the problems of after-school life and work. "Going to school" will be shorn of its terrors and become a true delight to the children. Their ordinary lessons will gain so much in interest through Pelmanism that the task of the teacher will be considerably lightened.

I conceive, too, that every boy and girl over school age will be required to work through the Pelman Course and pass an examination on its teachings as a part of the vocational training which, we hope, by that time will be a feature of our national life So many of the employers of 1925 will be people who are now studying the Course and will benefit from it during the years just ahead of us that it will no doubt be a common practice to insert the stipulation "Must be a Pelmanist" in their advertisements in the "Situations Vacant" columns of the newspapers, for, by 1925, it is practically a foregone conclusion that the superiority of the Pelman-trained man or woman will be universally recognised, no matter what his or her occupation may be.

EXIT THE SCOFFERS.

No great movement has made progress without arousing a great deal of opposition. Pelmanism is no exception. Yet it seems to me that another five years will witness such a thinning of the ranks of the scoffers and sceptics who now, through sheer ignorance, deride Pelmanism, that no anti-Pelmanist will dream of airing his views in 1925 for fear of being considered eligible for a lunatic asylum.

THE NEXT GENERAL ELECTION.

By 1925, we may assume that another General Election will have taken place. Any keen Pelmanist of the present time will agree with me that it would be an excellent thing if it were a *sine qua non* that every aspirant to a seat in the Commons should be conversant with the principles of Pelmanism. Nothing proves this more conclusively, in my opinion, than the character of the average election address issued during the recent electoral contest. Is it too fantastic an idea to suggest that the M.P.'s of 1925 will, in the main, be Pelmanists?

A PELMANISED WHITEHALL.

At the risk of being considered a visionary or a super-super-optimist, I think we might count within the realms of possibility the reorganising and reconstruction of our Governmental Departments on a Pelmanistic basis. The examples of business efficiency provided by two or three of the newer Ministries have raised hopes in some of us, and surely, with Pelmanism on the flood-tide, we can look forward to the time when all the departmental cobwebs and red tape will be swept away, leaving behind only organisations which will be of real service to the nation.

And here my imaginings must end. These somewhat scrappy views of what Pelmanism might be, and might be doing, in 1925 may appear far-fetched and rather ridiculous. Blame my enthusiasm for Pelmanism for my foolish optimism, if so you describe it, but remember at the same time that, six years ago, nobody would have dared to predict that Pelmanism would occupy the prominent position it does to-day. So six years hence, my "vapid vapourings" may be nearer the mark than appears at all likely at the present moment

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Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the twelve lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous report on the work of the Pelman Institute and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course at a reduced fee, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of THE BOOKMAN *who applies to The Pelman Institute, 20 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.*

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me alone." Later the author's more characteristic touch appears:

"He had soft brown hair with threads of gold in it like the bright bird's feathers. Now it's dabbled with blood, dabbled with blood, dabbled with blood."

The second play, "The Sweeps of Ninety-Eight," is upon an Irish theme. It is a very short play with action which (so children are taught) speaks louder than words. The style is sometimes rhetorical but not too rhetorical for the stage, and on the stage the play would be sure of success—in Ireland, although perhaps not in England at the present time. But even these two plays do not achieve the redemption of a volume which, to adapt the phrase of another poet, "takes the reader backward rather than forward." Alas, that a poet of Mr. Masefield's genius should agitate his readers with these regrets and apprehensions!

JOHN FREEMAN.

Novel Notes.

ISAACS. By Joseph Gee. 6s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

"Isaacs" is the life and adventures of David Isaacs, which are represented as being told by his lawyer. Though Isaacs is described on the title-page as general merchant, general swindler would be nearer the mark. He is of Jewish extraction and devastating garrulity, and his various exploits are not without a humour of their own. The plots are ingenious, and all of the stories have their small, amusing surprises. The style of the book is suggested by the following: Isaacs is speaking (he usually is):

"About that Scotchman," he commenced. "First time I met 'im was in Oxford Street, near the Circus. 'E was lookin' in a shop window, wiv his mouth 'alf open, makin' the glass foggy wiv 'is breath. You never saw such a rig-out. 'E had a golf cap three sizes too small on top of a yellow 'aystack of 'air what 'adn't been pressed down. 'Is eyebrows and eyelashes was the colour of a glass o' sea water. 'Is ears stood out from 'is 'ead tellin' yer they weren't missing any of the 'eavenly breezes, and 'is face was the colour o' smoked salmon. As for 'is 'ands, I don't believe there's a glove shop in London could fit 'im."

Mr. Joseph Gee is clearly a close and successful student of the books about Bindle. The pleasantries and philosophies of Isaacs and those of Bindle have a marked family resemblance. The compliment to Bindle's creator, Mr. Herbert Jenkins, is not inconsiderable. The people who liked "Bindle" will like "Isaacs," and their name is legion.

THE THROW-BACK. By G. B. Burgin. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. G. B. Burgin has gone to the East for the setting of his new story, and not only for the setting, but for the heroine. He is perhaps a little disturbed by the brisk, assured girl of this workaday world, and thinks she has lost her charm for man. Whether that is so or not, he finds in Zuleika, a Turkish girl, the very perfection of loveliness and sweet companionship; one so attractive that an Englishman of good attainments becomes a True Believer that he may marry her. Lancelot Graves is engaged to Ethel Sartoris who, to save her father from going under and out, dismisses him in order to wed a rich old duke. A week later her father inherits £20,000 a year. Graves goes to Baba Nakatch, near Constantinople, and discusses religion with the great man of the village. Then in the deepest depths of his despondency he sees Zuleika, and the world is transformed. Ethel does not marry the duke, but pines for the man she loves—even as Zuleika would have pined, and is noble enough to save her rival from a threatening disaster that Graves may have the happiness for which he longs. This is not by any means the end of the story, but it shows—whether intentionally or not—that the two women share the same spirit. The book is full of light and colour, for Mr. Burgin shows us the pleasant aspect of a country which, to those who do not know it, has an unattractive aspect as well. He writes with all his old charm and kindliness, though the broad humour of his early work has changed to the give and take of sprightly conversations.

THE STATUE IN THE WOOD. By Richard Pryce. (Collins.)

There was haunting, hurting loveliness about the statue in the wood, and when the widowed Ann Forrester came upon it by chance one summer day, she felt its strange enchantment. She thought of the courtly, polished, handsome old man who had been her husband, but not her mate, and gazed at the image of the beauteous youth with longing. "Her pulses were again the pulses of a girl . . . She moved forward like one sleep-walking, and laid her face against the stone face. Youth to youth. . . . Her eyes filled with tears." In this melting mood Ann proceeded to fall in love with a land agent, Timothy Coram. Thence came, first danger, then disaster, then misunderstanding, and then love. Mr. Pryce's plot is ingenious, surprising and not very pleasant. But one is moved to admiration by the delicate craftsmanship of the book. It is written with care and art; the sketch of Ann, a purely feminine creature, is without flaw. Claudia, the sweet cunning friend, is also a triumph. The writer strives very hard to make us realise Coram, the hero, but he is never very convincing. "Coram served not God and Mammon, which we are told is impossible, but God in a sense, at least—and somehow a very true sense!—and the god of love." Does the reader ever truly feel enthusiasm about the lover who, at the beginning at any rate, both betrays and fails his lady? The novel suffers somewhat from the obscurity of the plot, which may often puzzle the reader. But there is admirable sound work in its pages.

THE FLAPPER'S MOTHER. By Madge Mears. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

Miss Mears writes both thoughtfully and amusingly, even though the pivot of her tale is the blundering stupidity of our marriage laws. For that reason there is a certain uncomfortable atmosphere about her story, for the English world tolerates only the normal home life, and novel readers do not like their puppets to be sad. The flapper's mother is a lovable woman, with an undesirable husband who left England one day never to return; he did not even write once to his deserted wife to prove his existence. However, his cousin falls in love with her, and they wait for over six years in the hope of assuming the position of husband and wife. If Miss Mears had only let them wait the full seven years—when the law presumes death—they could have married and been happy, but then there would have been no story. The flapper is only seventeen, a crude and wilful child, who falls unconsciously in love with a man bound to an insane wife, a barrier which the law regards as unbreakable; however, the girl does what the mother could not bring herself to do, but she does not find happiness in her unconventional position. The author shows a fine sense of character all through, especially when dealing with the vicar with his prejudices and strict honour; with Billy, the vicar's son, so physically unfit, yet with so heroic a soul, and the capable, dense daughter. They are all very real people, as is also Miss Marshall, the severe purist who sacrifices everything for her moral ideal.

AN ARMED PROTEST. By F. Bancroft. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)

One of the curious features of the war period has been the way in which marriages have been made in haste, in many cases to be repented at leisure; and that is the thread upon which F. Bancroft has strung this story. Though an old subject it has in this case been treated with such sincerity and force as make it at times thrilling. Heather Gamble, brought up on the veldt, spends four years in England, and at twenty falls in love with an English officer who is on the boat with her when she goes

back to Africa. He, believing her to be an heiress, persuades her to marry him in secret, though they announce the deed as soon as it is done. Before three months are over Heather has plumbed the depths of unhappiness, has learnt an old scandal about the mother whose memory she adores, has seen her husband publicly enamoured of an attractive widow, and has felt his brutal nature. Insulted and outraged she leaves him openly, as an "armed protest" against a two-standard morality, and goes to her home on the veldt. She is such a delightful girl, compounded of opposites, that readers, having once got into the grip of the story, will follow it keenly to the end. Not the least interesting feature of the book is the insight it gives into the ideas of the cosmopolitan dwellers on the veldt, and the inner meaning of the futile Boer rebellion on the West German borderland.

The Bookman's Table.

HAROLD TENNYSON, R.N. The Story of a Young Sailor. Put together by a Friend. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

This is one of those poignant records of a short and gallant life which will be re-read long after these days. Harold was a real Englishman, "an absolute sunshine." Captain Evans, under whom Tennyson served, wrote of him, "A type specimen of the successful product of the new scheme of training. He had made the most of his instruction and he used his brains and his charming personality to the very best advantage for his country and his friends. . . . Well, he is gone, this steel-true sailor." His life history is graphically described in this volume, appropriately bound in the emerald green covers we associate with his grandfather's poems. The bright beginning of his life, spent in Australia (he reached Adelaide just before he was three—his father having been appointed Governor of South Australia) is recorded in some detail, and we have a charming picture of his vivid, lovable mother, and of the family's almost naïve delight in the pleasures which came their way. Then come Harold's first letters, and later, the war-time correspondence. There is an amusing little account of how Harold on the *Viking* brought Cabinet Ministers back from Calais to England. "Sir Edward Grey was entertained by the foremost gun's crew who had not the foggiest idea who he was and whose language must have made his hair stand on end. . . . Lloyd George sat on an engine-room casing side by side with a fat and dirty stoker who pointed his remarks with suckings of teeth and digs in the ribs." Harold was killed by the blowing up of a mine and he had written a farewell letter to his parents having a premonition that he might not live through the war. "By the time you get this," he wrote, "you will know that I have got that 'Perfect Peace' I have been longing for. The strain has been awful—I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do, and I have died with a joyful spirit." We lay aside this volume with reverence and thankfulness for all that this boy was.

THE DREAMER, AND OTHER POEMS. By Helen Cash. 3s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer.)

There is a good deal of thought and feeling in this attractive little book of poems by Miss Helen Cash. Here and there one comes across a verse lighter in mood than the rest, but as many of the poems touch on war subjects the author's graver mood is more preponderant than her gay. The spirit in which her poem "The People" is written should meet with widespread sympathy at the present moment. Miss Cash reaches a high dramatic level in some of her work, such as "Brothers," "To W. D. B.: In Memoriam," and "Remembrance." We should like to quote one of these had we space, but as we must choose

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